THE
NEW YORK LEDGER
DEVOTED CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, { EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1861. TERMS, { $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 22.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

### DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O Cedar, softly wave thy boughs
Above the lonely mourner's brows!
Dark are his sorrows: ah, for these
Woo to thy leaves the saddest breeze
That ever yet a pinion spread
Above some City of the Dead!

II.

O River, gentle be thy breath,
And only not so still as Death!
Deep is his mourning: let thy chime
Be solemn as a poet's rhyme
That sings of summer when she goes
To sleep upon her withered rose!

III.

O Sun, light not the funeral cloud
Above her sainted slumber bowed!
He sobs beside the grave: oh, make
A holy twilight for his sake!
For sorrow hates a garish beam
In such a time by tree and stream.

IV.

O Night, when thou dost tremble down,
Wear not o'er him thy starry crown;
And bid the moon with pallid smile
Walk sadly through each cloudy aisle!
With such remorseful tears and sighs,
Thou Mother-Nature, sympathize!

# EUDORA;

OR,

# THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

> "If she prove guilty--
> Farewell my faith in aught of human kind,
> I'll hie me to some hermit's cave, and there
> Forget my race."

When the doctor had left the library Malcolm Montrose threw himself back in his chair, clasped his forehead between his hands, and strove to master the consternation that seemed to threaten his very reason.

Grief, horror, and amazement, sufficient to have shaken the firmness of the strongest mind, deprived him for the moment of all power of practical and definite action. And yet, through all the terrible emotions that shook his soul to its centre, he was conscious of a profound incredulity in the truth of the doctor's statement. But the doubt, the uncertainty, the mere suspicion of such atrocious crimes, perpetrated in the bosom of his own family, overwhelmed him with consternation.

"Dead by the hand of the secret poisoner! the baron and his daughter too! the baron, whose whole life had been one long act of the noblest beneficence, and his child, whose days had been ever devoted to the happiness of all around her! their benign lives cut off by poison! Impossible! impossible! it cannot be! it is not so!

"And yet, and yet the suddenness and the strangeness of both deaths, and the unquestionable competency of the physician who attended them in their last hours, and who now makes this dreadful assertion!

"And if this is so, by whom, great Heaven? By whom has this most atrocious crime been perpetrated? and for what purpose? Who could have had any interest in the premature death of this noble man and lovely girl?

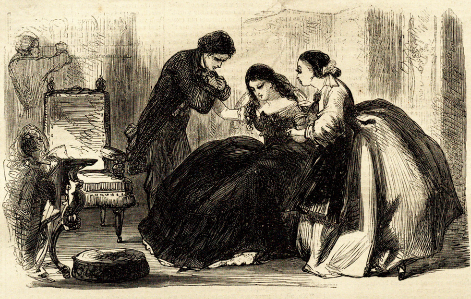
"No one but—oh, Heaven! but Eudora! She is their heiress; the estate is now hers, but she is innocent! my life, my honor, my soul will I stake upon her innocence. And yet, if this father and child shall be proved to have died by poison, how black the evidence may be made to appear against her, and how weak her own position. She is an orphan and friendless, and though on her father's side of English parentage, she is of foreign birth and education, and has been in this country too short a time to establish a character. She has no good antecedents to set against this dreadful charge with the strong testimony that may be brought to support it. She was the third in succession to this estate, and, consequently, her mercenary interest in the deaths of the baron and his daughter. She was the constant attendant of the late Lord Leaton, and prepared the drink of which he died. She watched last night by the side of Agatha, and administered to her the so-called fatal draught. If they are proved to have died by poison it will ruin her indeed. She will be called a second Brinvilliers. She will be arraigned, tried, condemned — oh, Heaven of Heavens! what unspeakable horrors remain in store for her, innocent as an angel though I know her to be."

Such were the maddening thoughts that coursed through his brain and caused the sweat of agony to start from his brow. He wiped the beaded drops from his pale forehead, and sprang up and paced the room with disordered steps, laboring in vain for the composure that he could not obtain.

The death of the noble-hearted baron in the prime of life, the death of the sweet young girl in dawn of youth, were mournful enough, even though they died from natural causes, and if they perished by poison administered by treacherous hands their fate was dreadful indeed. And yet it was nothing to be compared with the unutterable horror of that train of misfortunes which threatened the orphan stranger, the innocent Eudora. And thus other emotions of sorrow for the loss of his near relatives were swallowed up in an anguish of anxiety for the fate of the orphan girl.

And so he strove for self-command, and coolness, and clearness of mind, that he might be prepared to assist at the approaching investigation, in the hope of discovering the truth, and clearing the fame of Eudora.

He paced up and down the library floor until he had obtained the necessary state of calmness to deal with this mystery.



MALCOLM, EUDORA AND THE PRINCESS PEZZILINI.

When the doctor had left the library he was met in the hall by a servant, hastening towards him in great agitation, and saying:

"Sir, I was just coming to see you. The Princess Pezzilini begs that you will hasten at once to my lady's bedside, as her ladyship is in the death-throe!"

Without a word of reply the doctor turned and hurried up the stairs and along the corridor leading to Lady Leaton's apartments.

When he entered the chamber he found Lady Leaton in violent convulsions, and restrained from throwing herself out of the bed only by the strong arms of the Italian princess, which, thrown around her shoulders, supported her heaving form.

But, even as the doctor stepped up to the bedside, her form relaxed and became supple as that of an infant.

The princess laid the head back upon the pillow. Her eyes closed, and the ashen hue of death overspread her features.

The doctor took up her left hand, and placed his fingers upon the pulse. But that pulse was still, and that hand was the hand of the dead. He laid it gently down, and turning, looked upon those gathered around the bed.

They were the Princess Pezzilini, Eudora Leaton, and her ladyship's maid.

Especially he fastened his eyes upon Eudora, who knelt on the opposite side of the bed, with her face buried in the bed clothes, in an attitude of deep grief.

"Can any one here inform me whether Lady Leaton drank of the tamarind-water which stood upon the mantelshelf of Miss Leaton's chamber?" inquired the doctor, looking sternly around him.

"Yes, sir," answered the lady's maid, looking up through her tears; "when my lady was so agitated by seeing the condition of Miss Leaton as to be near swooning, and I was obliged to support her in my arms, I called for a glass of water, and Miss Eudora quickly poured out a tumbler of tamarind-water, saying there was no other at hand, and held it to her ladyship's lips."

"And her ladyship drank it?"

"Yes, sir; she eagerly drank off the whole glassful, for she was so anxious to keep up for Miss Leaton's sake, not believing that she was past all help," replied the woman.

"That will do," said the doctor, once bending his eyes sternly upon the kneeling form of Eudora.

But the girl, unconscious of the storm that was gathering over her head, remained absorbed in grief.

"Madame," said the doctor, turning to the princess, "your friend has joined her daughter. There is now no lady at the head of this afflicted house. I must, therefore, entreat you for charity to assume some necessary authority here over these dismayed female domestics; at least, until some measures can be taken for the regulation of the establishment."

The Italian princess lifted her fine face, in which grief seemed to struggle with the habitual composure of pride, and gracefully indicating Eudora by a small wave of her arm, she said:

"You forgot, sir, that we stand in the presence of the young lady of the house, who, however bowed with grief she may now be, will soon, no doubt, be found equal to her high position."

"Madame, if your highness alludes to Miss Eudora Leaton, I must beg to say that she cannot be permitted to intermeddle with any of the affairs of the household for the present," replied the doctor.

The mention of her name in so stern a manner aroused Eudora from her trance of sorrow, and she arose from her knees, and looked around, to see every eye bent on her in doubt, perplexity, and suspicion. While she looked beseechingly from one face to another, as if praying for some explanation of their strange regards, there came a low rap at the door.

The doctor went and softly opened it. And the voice of a servant was heard, saying:

"The coroner has arrived, and begs to see you at once, if you please, sir."

"In good time," replied the doctor. "Have the police arrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send two of them up to me at once, and say to Coroner Adams, that I will be with him immediately."

The servant withdrew, and the doctor, returning to the side of the Italian princess, said:

"Madame, will your highness be pleased to retire to your own apartments, as this chamber, with all its other occupants, must be placed in charge of the police."

The princess, with a look of surprise, bent her stately head, and passed forth from the room.

She had scarcely withdrawn when the two policemen presented themselves.

"You will keep the door of this apartment, and let no one enter or pass out," said the doctor, posting the two officers one at each entrance of the death-chamber.

He gave a glance at Eudora, who stood still by the bedside, the image of grief, wonder, and perplexity, and then he passed on, and went down to rejoin Mr. Montrose, and to meet the coroner.

He met Malcolm, who was just leaving the library to meet him.

"What is the matter now? What new misfortune has occurred?" inquired the young man, noticing the doctor's severe and threatening countenance.

"Lady Leaton has just expired, a victim to the same diabolical agency that destroyed her husband and child," said the doctor, sternly.

Montrose started back panic-stricken, and muttering:

"Horror on horror! Are we sleeping or walking—mad or sane? Lady Leaton dead?"

"We are awake and in our right senses, Mr. Montrose, and Lady Leaton is dead—dead by the hands of that same young Asiatic fiend who murdered her husband and her daughter!"

"Dr. Watkins, beware how you charge an innocent girl with so heinous a crime."

"Mr. Montrose, I see that you are a partizan of Miss Leaton's, but I have made no charge which I am not able to prove before the coroner's inquest, and which their verdict will not soon confirm."

"Does this most innocent and unhappy girl know of what she is accused?"

"She knows her crimes, and doubtless she has reason to suspect that we know them also."

"Do not say '*we know them*,' doctor. *I* do not know of any crime of hers; on the contrary, *I* know in my own secret consciousness that she is most innocent of all crime, and even of all wrong; and *you* do not know it; you only suspect it, and in that suspicion you wrong one of the most excellent young creatures that ever lived."

"Mr. Montrose, you are blinded by partiality; but the vail will soon be torn from your eyes."

"It is *you* who are blinded by some prejudice when you accuse a young and lovely girl of a tissue of crimes that would make the blood of a Borgia run cold with horror!" said the young man, with a shudder.

"We shall see; a few hours will decide between us," replied the doctor, grimly.

"Where is the unhappy girl now?" inquired Malcolm Montrose.

"Where she must remain for the present: in the death-chamber of Lady Leaton, which is now in the charge of the police. And now, Mr Montrose, the coroner awaits us in the crimson drawing-room," said the physician, leading the way thither.

It was broad daylight, the sun was high in the heavens, though the dismayed servants seemed only now to remember to extinguish the lights and open the windows.

Breakfast was prepared in the breakfast-parlor, but no family circle gathered around it.

The doctor, the Princess Pezzilini, and finally, Malcolm Montrose, strayed separately and at intervals into the room, quaffed each a cup of coffee, and withdrew.

Meantime, the coroner formed his inquest. The investigation required some time and much caution, therefore the whole house was placed in charge of the police while the examination was in progress.

Physicians and chemists were summoned to assist in the autopsy of the dead bodies and the analysis of the water of which they had both drank immediately before death.

The autopsy and the analysis both proved successful. Traces of a virulent poison were found in the bodies of the deceased, and the presence of the same fatal agent was detected in the beverage of which they had partaken. It was so far clearly proved that both Lady Leaton and her daughter had died by poison!

But by whom had it been prepared and administered? That was the next point of inquiry.

Alas! the question seemed but too easily answered. Nevertheless, the coroner went coolly, formally, and systematically to work.

The witnesses, that had been kept jealously apart during the progress of the inquest, were called and examined separately, and their testimony carefully taken down and compared together. The coroner's jury then deliberated long and carefully upon the evidence before them.

The inquest lasted through the whole of two long summer days, and the sun was setting on the second when they made up their verdict.

"The deceased, Matilda, Baroness Leaton, of Allworth, and her daughter, the Honorable Agatha Leaton, came to their deaths by the poison of *Ignatia*, administered in tamarind-water by the hands of Eudora Leaton."

A warrant was made out for the arrest of Eudora Leaton, and put in the hands of an officer for immediate execution.

"There! what do you think of that? Has my charge been proved? Is my statement confirmed by the coroner's inquest? What is your opinion now?" inquired the doctor of Malcolm Montrose, who had been a pale and agonized spectator of the scene.

"My opinion is what it ever has been and ever will be—that Eudora Leaton is innocent; innocent as one of God's holy angels; and upon that issue I stake my every earthly and every heavenly good, my every temporal and every eternal hope, my life, honor, and soul!"

"Then you'll lose them, my young friend, that is all. Ah, Montrose, it is hard to believe in atrocious crimes, even when we see them recorded in newspaper paragraphs as committed by strangers and at some distance; but we are appalled and utterly incredulous when they come closely home to ourselves. This self-deception is natural, for doubtless other great criminals have seemed to their own partial friends as unlikely to commit the crimes of which they have been convicted, as this beautiful young demon has seemed to us. People of notoriously bad character seldom or never commit great crimes. They seem to fritter away their natural wickedness in a succession of small felonies. It is your quiet, respectable, commonplace people that poison and assassinate, just as though they hoarded all their sinfulness for one grand exploit."

"Sir, you treat the deepest tragedies of human life, the tragedies of crime and death, with a levity unbecoming your age, your profession, and the circumstances in which we are placed," said the young man, in bitter sorrow.

"I treat the subject with levity! I never was in more solemn earnest in my life! If you doubt my words, recall your own experience. Recollect all the greatest criminals within your own knowledge, and say whether they were not every one of them, according to their social positions, very decent, very respectable, or very genteel persons—until they were clearly convicted of capital crimes? I could name a score within my own memory, only Heaven pardon them, as they have paid the penalty of their crimes, I do not wish to vex their ghosts by calling up their names and deeds to recollection."

Montrose did not reply. He could scarcely follow the doctor in his discourse. His thoughts were all engaged with the hapless Eudora and the train of unutterable misfortunes that lay before her.

While he stood in bitter sorrow, a constable, holding a warrant in his hand, approached, and touching his hat to the doctor and Mr. Montrose, requested that they would please accompany him to the chamber of Miss Leaton, that he might serve the warrant.

## CHAPTER V.

> "Why bend their brows so sternly on me, Vaughn?
> What have I done? Oh, tell me quickly, youth!
> My soul can ill endure their frowning looks."

Through all this long, dreadful investigation, Eudora had remained in the death-chamber of Lady Leaton, bowed down with grief, but unconscious of the heavy clouds that were gathering darkly over her young head.

She had seen the body of her aunt carried away from the chamber towards the crimson drawing-room where the coroner's inquest was held, and where the *post-mortem* examination was made.

She had been called in her turn to give her separate testimony before the jury, and she had described the deaths of Agatha and that of Lady Leaton simply as she had witnessed them. She had not omitted to mention a circumstance that she regarded as a dream—namely, the passage and disappearance of a dark-robed woman in Agatha's chamber. At the close of her testimony she had been conducted back to the chamber from which she had been taken, and there she had tarried through the remainder of the investigation.

Half-stunned with grief, she felt no disposition and made no attempt to leave the room. She saw the policemen guarding the doors, but did not even suspect that she was their prisoner. She had noticed in the morning the strange regards of those around her, but, absorbed in sorrow for the loss of her relatives, the circumstance had passed from her mind.

In the course of the day food and drink had been sent to her by the thoughtful attention of Malcolm Montrose, but she had partaken of nothing but a cup of tea.

And now, at the close of this long and terrible day, she remained as has been said, bowed down with grief, but totally unsuspicious of the dark storm that was gathering around her. She sat in a low chair beside the now empty bed, with her head down upon the coverlet, so dead to all external impressions, that the door was opened and the room half-filled with people before she moved. There was the Princess Pezzilini, Malcolm Montrose, Dr. Watkins, the officer who brought the warrant, the two policemen that kept the doors, and a crowd of male and female servants drawn thither by curiosity.

And still Eudora did not look up.

The Princess Pezzilini glided softly to her side and stood bending over her with looks of compassion; then raising her blue eyes swimming in tears to the faces of the doctor and Mr. Montrose, she said:

"Forgive me; I know that she is most guilty, and that I of all persons should most condemn her, for she has destroyed my benefactress; but she is so young, I cannot help pitying her, for we know that the more guilty the wretched girl may be the more needful of compassion she is."

The voice of the princess sounding so near her ear caused Eudora to look up; and at the same moment the officer who held the warrant advanced, and laying his hand upon her shoulder, said:

"Miss Eudora Leaton, you are my prisoner."

She did not understand. She arose quickly to her feet, and looked inquiringly into the face of the constable, and from his face into those of the persons that crowded the room and gathered around her. As her star-like eyes ranged around the circle, the eyes of those she looked upon sank to the ground, while dark frowns lowered upon every brow.

As she gazed, her perplexity gave place to a vague alarm.

"What is the matter? What is the meaning of this?" she inquired, in faltering accents.

An ominous silence followed her question, while the eyes of the crowd were once more fixed sternly upon her.

"Why do you look upon me so? What is it? Will no one speak?" she demanded, while a vague, overpowering terror took possession of her heart.

"Tell her, officer, and put an end to this," sternly commanded the doctor.

"Miss Eudora Leaton, you are my prisoner," repeated the constable, again laying his hand upon her.

"Your prisoner!" she exclaimed, shrinking in dismay and abhorrence from the degrading touch. "Your prisoner! what do you mean?"

"Tell her, officer, and end this," repeated the doctor, while Eudora looked wildly from one to the other, and sank back in her chair.

"Miss Leaton," said the constable, blandly, "the crowner's 'quest has been and found a verdict against *you*, charging you with poisoning of your aunt, Matilda, Lady Leaton, and your cousin, the Honorable Agatha Leaton; and this paper in my hand is the crowner's warrant for your arrest."

Before he had finished, Eudora had sprung to her feet, and now she stood with her dark, starry eyes dilated and blazing with a horror that approached insanity.

At length she found her voice. Clasping her hands and raising her eyes, in a passion of self-vindication, she exclaimed:

"Great Lord of heaven! is there any one on earth capable of such heinous crimes? Is there any one here who believes me to be so?"

The doctor came to her side, saying:

"Young girl, the proof against you is too clear to leave a doubt upon the mind of any one present."

"Proof? how can there be proof of that which never happened—which never could have happened?—a crime which my very soul abhors; at which my whole frame shudders, from which my whole nature recoils—and committed by me and upon those whom I was bound to love and respect and serve! and committed for what purpose, great Heaven! for what purpose? What object could I have had in the destruction of my own nearest kindred, dearest friends, and only protectors?" demanded the accused girl, in a tone of impassioned grief, indignation, and horror.

"Your object was obvious to the dullest comprehension; it forms one of the strongest points in the evidence against you," said the implacable doctor.

"My object, then, what was it? You who charge me with the crime, declare the object!" exclaimed Eudora, rivetting upon his face her blazing eyes, through which her rising and indignant soul flashed repudiation at so vile a charge.

"Your object, girl, was the inheritance of their estates. Lord and Lady Leaton and their daughter being dead, you are the sole heiress of unencumbered Allworth," replied the unflinching physician.

The fire that flashed from her eyes, the color that burned upon her cheeks, died slowly out. The pallor of unutterable horror spread like death over her face. She reeled as though she must have fallen to the floor, but recovered herself by a violent effort. Clasping her hands in the agonizing earnestness of her appeal, she exclaimed—

"Oh! does any one here believe this of me?"

Stern silence was the only reply.

"Madame Pezzilini! you have known me intimately for months—do you believe it?" she said, turning in an anguish of supplication to the Italian princess.

"Bellissima, my heart is broken—do not ask me!" said the princess, averting her face.

Eudora turned her despairing eyes to the crowd of stern, pitiless, accusing faces around her, and seeing the form of Malcolm Montrose in the background, she extended her clasped hands, in passionate prayer, towards him, and the tones of her voice arose, wild, high, and piercing in the agony of her last appeal, as she cried:

"Mr. Montrose! oh, Mr. Montrose! *you* do not believe me to be such a fiend?"

"No, no, no!" said Malcolm, earnestly, fervently, vehemently, as he pushed his way through the crowd, and came to her side and took her hand. "No, Eudora! I do not believe it! I have never for an instant been tempted to believe it! You are innocent of the very thought of evil! and this I will uphold both in private and in public! I will stand by you like a brother; I will aid, protect, and defend you to the last, so far as you have need of me, and I power to serve you—and to this I pledge my life, and soul, and honor! And as I keep this pledge to you, may Heaven deal with me at my own greatest extremity! Take comfort, sweet girl! Your innocence is a mighty, invincible stronghold, which all these atrocious charges must assail in vain."

"Oh, thanks! thanks, thanks!" said Eudora, her fiery eyes melting into the first tears that she had shed since her arrest.

"Mr. Montrose, I would recommend you to be cautious," said the doctor, severely; "for let me inform you, young gentleman, that you are not so far removed from suspicion as your friends could wish! Your betrothal to the late Miss Leaton, and your attachment to the present one, are both too well known already. And I assure you, the propriety of your own arrest as an accomplice to this crime was seriously discussed at the inquest."

The cheeks of Malcolm Montrose glowed, his eyes flashed, and he made one threatening step towards his accuser, then recollecting himself, he dropped his hand, saying:

"No, no, no! you are an old friend of the family, and it is your zeal alone for them that urges you to such indecorous speech and action. And since the wisdom of the coroner's jury was engaged with the question of my arrest, I wish to Heaven they had ordered it! Since they have found a verdict against this most innocent girl, I would to the Lord they had found one against me as her accomplice, that I might stand where she will have to stand; meet what she will have to meet; and endure what she will have to endure! Go, tell the nearest magistrate from me, that in all the felonies Eudora Leaton has committed Malcolm Montrose has been her aider and abetter—nay, her instigator! Tell him, from me, that when Eudora Leaton poisoned her kindred, Malcolm Montrose procured the bane and mixed the drink! Tell him that when Eudora Leaton is in the prison-cell, or waits in the prisoner's dock, or stands upon the scaffold, Malcolm Montrose should be by her side as far the more guilty of the two! Tell him this from me, and get me arrested, and I will thank you!"

"You are mad, Mr. Montrose, as indeed the events of this day are well calculated to make you," replied the doctor.

Then turning to the officer, he said—

"It is getting late; had you not better remove your prisoner?"

"It is some distance to the county gaol, sir. Is there such a thing as a chaise in the stables, that I could have the use of to carry her in? or else is there a messenger I could send to the Leaton Arms to fetch one?" inquired the constable.

"There is a chaise in the stables, I know. Go John, and order it to be got ready," commanded the doctor.

The old servant withdrew to obey. The constable turned to Eudora, and said:

"Miss Leaton, while the chaise is getting ready, you had better be putting on your things."

"Oh, Heaven! is this some dreadful dream or raving madness that has taken possession of me, or is it true that I must leave the house where lie the dead bodies of my kindred, and go—to the county gaol, charged with the murder of my nearest relations? Oh, horror! horror! Oh, save me, Malcolm, save me!" she cried, covering her face with her hands as though to shut out some horrid vision, and sinking to the floor.

Montrose stooped and raised her, whispering:

"I will! I will, Eudora! if it is in human power to do it! You need not be taken from here to-night—you must not be! I will see the magistrates myself."

Then turning to the crowd of servants that still lingered in the room, he inquired:

"Have the magistrates yet taken their departure?"

"No, sir; they are taking some refreshments in the dining-room," answered one of the servants.

"Rest here, dear Eudora, until I return," said Montrose, placing her in an easy-chair; and then going to the side of the Italian princess, he said:

"Madame, for Heaven's sake speak to her."

And he hurried from the chamber, and went down into the dining-room, where the magistrates were sitting over their wine.

He addressed them respectfully, speaking of the approaching storm, the darkness of the night, and the badness of the mountain-roads that lay between Allworth and the county gaol; and proposed that as the accused was but a young and delicate girl, she might be permitted to remain at Allworth Abbey through the night.

Mr. Montrose, as the nearest male representative of the Leaton family, might be supposed to have considerable influence with the magistrates. The latter were, besides, pleased with their day's work, and subdued by the genial influence of the juice of the grape; and the boon that was craved by Malcolm Montrose was not under the circumstances, unreasonable. Therefore, after some little delay and consultation, it was agreed that the accused should remain at the Abbey through the night, securely locked up in the chamber which she now occupied, and strictly guarded by a pair of constables, one of which was to be placed on the outside of each door.

And Malcolm Montrose was authorized to bear this order to the constable.

Meanwhile Eudora had sunk back in the large chair where he had left her, and covered her face with her hands. The Princess Pezzilini had dispatched a servant to the little bed-room of Eudora to fetch her bonnet and shawl. And now she stood beside the chair of the unhappy girl, urging her to arise and prepare herself to accompany the constable, and saying:

"It will all turn out for the best, Bellissima, end how it may. If you are proved innocent you will be set at liberty; if you are proved guilty you will have the privilege of expiating your crime by the death of your body and thus save your soul. So, end as it may, Bellissima, it will all be right."

"But lawk, mum, s'posen she be innocent, and yet be found guilty, as many and many a one have been before her?" suggested Tabitha Tabs, the maid who had now returned with the bonnet and shawl, and stood with them hanging over her arm.

"In that case, my good girl, she will be a martyr, and go to bliss. So, end as it may, it will be all right. We should bow to the will of Heaven," said the princess, piously.

"Can't see it, mum, as it would all be right for the innocent to be conwicted, nor the will of Heaven, nythur, begging your pardon, mum, for speaking of my poor mind," said Tabby, respectfully.

"You are a simple girl, and need instruction. Now, assist your young mistress to put on her bonnet and shawl. Eudora, stand up, my poor child and put on your wrappings."

"Yes, Miss, do so if you please, as the storm is rising, and it is getting late, and the roads is horrid between here and the gaol," said the constable, showing signs of impatience.

"Ah, wait! pray wait until Mr. Montrose returns. He went to ask the magistrates if I might be confined here until morning," pleaded Eudora.

"Do your duty, officer! Why do you stand arrested by the prayers of that evil girl? She did not fear to commit crime, she should not fear to meet its consequences. Do your duty at once, for every moment she is permitted to remain beneath this honored roof is an outrage to the memory of those whom she has hurried to their early graves," said the doctor, sternly.

The constable still hesitated, and Eudora still stood with pale face, intense eyes, and clasped hands, silently imploring delay, when the door opened, and Malcolm Montrose entered with the order of the magistrates, commanding Eudora Leaton to be locked in the chamber, under strict guard, until the morning.

"Thank you, thank you! Oh, thank you for this short respite, dear Malcolm!" exclaimed the poor girl, bursting into tears of relief.

Malcolm pressed her hand in silence, and then whispered to her to hope.

The doctor really trembled with rage.

"Very well," he said, "I will see, at least, that her present prison is secure. Madame Pezzilini, will your highness condescend to withdraw from the room," he added, turning respectfully to the princess.

"Good night, Eudora; repent and pray," said the princess, and bowing graciously to Mr. Montrose and to the doctor, she withdrew.

"Leave the room, and go about your several businesses every man and woman of you! I want this room to myself and the constable," was the next stern order of the doctor to the assembled domestics.

All immediately departed except Tabitha Tabs, who went boldly and placed herself beside her young mistress as a tower of strength.

"Follow your fellow-servants, woman," commenced the doctor.

"When my young lady orders me to do so, sir," replied Tabitha, coldly.

Eudora's left hand was clenched in that of Malcolm Montrose, and she threw out her right hand and grasped that of her humble attendant, exclaiming eagerly:

"Oh, no, no, do not leave me, good Tabitha!" For she felt almost safe between the two.

"Not till they tears me away piecemeal with pincers, Miss! for I reckon I'm too big to be forced away all at once," replied Tabitha, violently, drawing up her large person, and looking defiance from her resolute eyes.

"Officers, remove that contumacious girl from the room," said the doctor, angrily.

The two constables stepped forward to obey, but Malcolm Montrose dropped the hand of Eudora and confronted them, saying:

"On your peril!"

Then turning to the enraged physician, he said:

"Doctor, nothing but my knowledge of the sincerity of your attachment to the late family enables me to endure the violence of your conduct. But you push your privileges and my patience too far. You have no right to say that this girl shall not remain in attendance upon her unhappy mistress through the night. What harm can she do? Besides, if Miss Leaton is to be guarded by constables placed on the outside of her chamber door, it is but proper that she should have a female attendant in the room with her."

"Very well," said the doctor, grimly, "as far as I am concerned, she may keep her waiting-woman *in*; but I shall take very good care that she herself does not get *out*."

And so saying, he went immediately to the two high Gothic windows that lighted the vast room, closed the strong oaken shutters, placed the iron bars across them, secured the latter with padlocks, and gave the keys to the head constable, who held the warrant. He next stationed one of the officers on the other side of the door leading to the other rooms of this suite of apartments, directing him to lock the door and keep the key in his pocket. And, finally, having ascertained that all the fastenings of the chamber were well secured, he prepared to withdraw.

Malcolm Montrose pressed the hand of Eudora to his heart, saying:

"Good night, dearest Eudora. Confide in the God who watches over to deliver innocence." And bending lowly to her ear, he whispered: "Hope." Then raising his head and looking kindly towards Tabitha, he said:

"Good girl, take great care of your mistress to-night."

"You may trust me for that, sir," answered Miss Tabs, confidently.

And once more pressing the hand of Eudora, he resigned it, and withdrew from the room.

The doctor and the head constable followed. They all paused in the hall outside until the constable had double locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, and taken his station before the room.

"And now I think your prisoner is quite secure, even though you should sleep on your post, officer," said the doctor, with grim satisfaction, as he walked away from the spot.

Malcolm Montrose smiled strangely as he followed.

In the hall below they were met by a servant, who announced the arrival of Mr. Carter, the family solicitor, who had asked to see Mr. Montrose, and who had been shown to the library, where he now waited.

Malcolm immediately went thither, and when seated at the writing-table with the attorney, related to him all the details of the household tragedy, and the arrest of Eudora Leaton upon the awful charge of poisoning the whole family.

Even the clear-headed, case-hardened old lawyer was shocked and stupefied by the dreadful story. When Malcolm had finished, and the lawyer had recovered his presence of mind, they discussed the affair as calmly as the circumstances would permit. The lawyer insisted that the evidence against the accused girl was quite convicting, and that there was not in the whole wide range of human possibility a single chance of her being acquitted; while Malcolm, in agonized earnestness, persisted in upholding her perfect innocence.

"But if *she* did not do it, WHO did it?" pertinently inquired the lawyer.

"Aye, WHO, indeed! Conjecture is at a full stand!" answered Malcolm, wiping the drops forced out by mental anguish from his brow.

"Is no one else amenable to suspicion?"

"Not one!"

"Had the late family deeply offended any person, or casually injured any one, or made any enemy?"

"No, no, no; they never wronged or offended a human being, or had an enemy in the world."

"Was there no one whose interests ran counter to those of the late baron and his House?"

"None on earth! Lord Leaton and his family were on the best possible terms with all their friends, acquaintances, and dependents. They were widely, deeply, and sincerely beloved."

"It comes back, then, to this; that no one would have any interest in the extinction of this whole family, except this half-Indian girl, who is their heiress, who it appears attended them in their illness, and prepared and administered the drinks of which they died, and in which the poison was detected—the poison, mark you, of the *Faber Sancta Ignatii*, a deadly product of the East, scarcely known in England, but familiar, no doubt, to this Asiatic girl. Mr. Montrose, the case is very clear," said the lawyer, with an ominous shake of the head.

"Then you think," said the young man, in a tone of anguish, "that if she is brought to trial——"

His voice was choked by his rising agony. He could utter no more.

"I think it as certain as any future event can be in this uncertain world that Eudora Leaton will be condemned and executed for the poisoning of her uncle's family. Mr. Montrose! Good Heavens, sir, you are very ill! You—you have not partaken of any food or drink in this thrice accursed house, but what you could rely upon?" exclaimed the lawyer, rising up in alarm, and going to the side of the young man, who had fallen back in his chair, his whole form convulsed, his pallid features writhing, and the drops of sweat, wrung from anguish that he vainly endeavored to subdue and control, beading upon his icy brow.

"Mr. Montrose—let me call——"

"No, no," interrupted Malcolm, holding up his hand with an adjuring gesture, and struggling to regain his self-control, for manhood can ill brook to bend beneath the power of suffering. "No! It is the blow!"

"Then Malcolm, meet it like a man!", said the lawyer, who began to understand that it was a mental, and not a physical agony that convulsed the strong frame of the young man.

"But she, Eudora, so young and beautiful, so innocent and so beloved, to be hurled down to a destruction so appalling!" burst in groans of anguish from the heaving breast of Malcolm.

He dropped his arms and head upon the table, while sobs of agony convulsed his great chest.

"But I will save her!" he said to himself. "In spite of all this, I will save her. I have staked my life, my soul and honor upon her innocence; and now I will peril that same life, soul, and honor for her deliverance!"

This mental resolution gave him great strength, for at once he resumed the command of himself, arose, apologized to the lawyer for the exhibition of emotion into which he had been betrayed, and would have resumed the conversation in a calmer frame of mind, had not a servant entered and announced supper.

Malcolm begged the lawyer to excuse him for not appearing at the supper-table, and also requested him to bear his excuses to the magistrates who had assisted at the coroner's inquest, and who now remained to supper.

The lawyer readily promised to represent Mr. Montrose to the guests, and withdrew for that purpose.

Malcolm arose and paced the library floor, engaged in close thought for about half an hour, and then passed out to seek the privacy of his own chamber.

The whole house was in a painful though subdued bustle.

The members of the coroner's jury, though at liberty to go, had not yet dispersed. The strange fascination that spell-binds men to the scene of any atrocious crime or awful calamity, kept them lingering about the halls and chambers of Allworth Abbey.

The undertaker's people were also in the house making preliminary arrangements for the approaching double funeral. And the servants of the family were continually passing to and fro, waiting upon them.

Malcolm passed through them all and went to his own chamber, locked himself in, and threw himself upon a chair near the bay window that overlooked the Black Pool.

It was a beautiful summer night, and the stars that spangled the clear, blue-black canopy of heaven were reflected on the surface of the Black Pool like jewels upon an Ethiope's dark bosom.

But Malcolm had no eye for the beauty of the starlight night. He was thinking of that black and endless night that had gathered over Eudora's head. He rested his elbow upon the arms of his chair, and bowed his head upon his hand, and thus he sat for more than an hour without changing his position. Then he arose and looked forth from the window, and turned and paced the floor, stopping at intervals to listen. Thus passed another hour. And by this time the troubled household had settled to repose, and all was quiet.

Then Malcolm Montrose left his room, locking the door and taking the key with him, and passed down the long corridor leading to the central upper-hall and the grand staircase. When he entered the hall he saw the constable standing on guard before the chamber-door of the imprisoned girl. The man was wide-awake, on the alert, and touched his hat as Mr. Montrose passed. Malcolm went down the great staircase and through the deserted lower-hall to the main entrance, where he unbarred and unlocked the doors and let himself out.

He took his way immediately to the stables, entered them, drew forth a light chaise, led out a swift horse, put him between the shafts, and finally jumped into the driver's seat, and drove off through the northern gate towards a thickly-wooded part of the park until he reached the ruins of an ancient nunnery. Then he jumped out and fastened his horse to a tree, and sought the cellars of the ruins, reiterating his resolution:

"I have staked my life, soul, and honor upon Eudora's innocence, and now to peril life, soul, and honor for Eudora's salvation!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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## SIMON PONGO.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

I made the acquaintance of Simon, who was a huge baboon, on a large Sugar Estate on the Island of Cuba, where he had already been a resident for several years; and from his master, Don José, I learned the story of his capture, and his subsequent history, which I will give in the words of the planter:

"The last voyages I made were from a Northern port of the United States to the coast of Africa.

"One day, while up the Rio Pongo, I was waited upon by a messenger, sent from the king of one of the upper negro towns, with an invitation to come to his place, and open a *dantica*, or make an offer of trade. I always preferred to deal directly with the natives, rather than through the knavish agents, whenever I could, and gladly availed myself of the invitation.

"It was a long pull to Quomono's town: first up the river, and then through a deep, narrow creek, completely arched over with mangroves and vines. So thick was this vegetable roof, that not a ray of the sun, and scarcely the light of day, penetrated to the black, sluggish water upon which we floated. Hardly a breath of air was stirring in the gloomy, tunnel-like avenues, as we forced our way, partly by rowing, and partly by pulling along by the roots of the mangroves and depending vines.

"As we pulled up the sedgy banks of the river, keeping close to the shore to avoid the current, everything about us, save the dip of the oars, was as silent as the land of the dead. Not even was the chirp of a bird or other sign of animal life to be heard.

"But as soon as we had fairly entered the dark, cavernous channel of the little creek, our ears were saluted with the loud and angry chatterings of innumerable monkeys, whose siestas upon the overhanging branches we had disturbed.

"As our eyes, relieved from the fierce glare of the sun upon the calm river, became by degrees accustomed to the deep shadows of the mangroves, we could perceive the noisy creatures leaping from limb to limb, and grinning and grimacing upon us after the most fantastic fashion.

"My men, for amusement, frequently struck out with their oars, or the boat hook, at the saucy little wretches; but with cries half of fear and half of anger, they jumped out of harm's way, and awoke their more distant comrades to the fact that their usually quiet retreat was being invaded by strangers. I learned that on the passage of the natives, these little Frenchmen, as my sailors facetiously called them, were rarely excited. It was the sight of white faces that created so much confusion among them.

"Among these noisy fellows we occasionally caught sight of a very large species of baboon, who kept a respectful distance, as if suspicious of the kidnapping proclivities of the white visitants to that region.

"After arriving at Quomono's town, and making *dantica* with his sable majesty, I expressed a desire to possess myself of one of those large baboons I had seen on my way.

"'O! notin' so easy, buckra cap'n,' said my negro interpreter. 'What you gib for nice one—good for black soup; good for roast monkey; good for eat, any how; what you gib, ha! massa cap'n?'

"Having held out a satisfactory inducement, the negro went to his hut, and soon returned with an empty calabash.

"'Now, massa cap'n,' said he, 'gib me one bottle rum, and plenty sucre. Make him sweet, cap'n!'

"Supposing the fellow wanted a dram for himself, I gave him what I thought would be sufficient. But he would not be content with less than a bottle, which I directed to be given him.

"Opening the bottle, he emptied its contents into the calabash; and stirring in the sugar, tasted it, and, with a smack of approbation, said:

"'Dis good for Jocko! Him lub rum sucre like dis.' Then turning to me, the negro continued: 'now, massa cap'n, you wantee fun? Come wid me!' pointing to a thicket a little distance from the palisades of the village. I followed the man to the place, and saw him deposit the calabash on the ground behind a fallen tree, when he withdrew to a little distance, beckoning me to do the same

"We had not waited long when several large monkeys made their appearance, attracted by the smell of the liquor; for be it known these creatures are as fond of strong drink as their bipid cousins of the ascending scale; and, in passing, let me here mention that the negroes adduce this fact as an irrefutable argument in favor of the humanity of the monkey race. Whether this conclusion is correct or not, I will not pretend to maintain; nevertheless, it is indisputable that men and monkeys are the only animals who get drunk.

"But to my story: While we were watching, several baboons approached the calabash of sweetened rum, when seeing the tempting delicacy, they made a dash towards it. But one larger, and fiercer looking than the others, leaped in ahead, and dealing them here a blow and there a bite, snatched up the vessel and placed it to his ugly mug. With grunts, expressive of the utmost satisfaction, the creature drained off the rum, and then proceeded to wipe out the saccharine dregs with his fingers, which he licked with signs of the most perfect delight, chattering all the while at the other baboons, whose mouths were watering longingly, like those of old topers, for a taste of the fragrant compound.

"After a few moments, the monkey dropped the calabash to the ground, and springing to his feet, while he grinned from ear to ear, from the exhilarating effects of his dram, began a regular double shuffle breakdown, to the evident chagrin of his disappointed comrades, who were still longingly eyeing the empty calabash.

"After amusing himself awhile at this performance, Jocko becoming by degrees more vivacious, leaped to the trees, and went through a variety of gymnastic feats, outrivaling all the punchinellos of the circus I had ever beheld, all the while gabbering and chattering like any other boozy fellow.

"At one moment he would swing himself from a limb, holding on by one hand, and then throwing a summerset over it, would alight upon the ground, when repeating the motion, he would again leap to the trees.

"These amusing antics the monkey continued, till after awhile the soporific effects of his overdose began to tell upon him. By degrees he became less lively; and his uncertain steps indicated that he was now really *drunk*. His eyes, which before were brilliant and dancing beneath his shaggy brows, now became of a dead, leaden, expressionless gaze; and as if exhausted from his recent exertions, he seated himself demurely upon the fallen tree, and with his long, hairy hands to his cheeks and his elbows resting upon his knees, he presented nothing so much, as an old Dutch picture, I remembered to have seen once, of the repentant prodigal.

"If his former performances were laughable, his present disconsolate and crest-fallen expression was so strangely comical, and human, that I was obliged to throw myself upon the ground, and give vent to the uncontrollable mirth this ridiculous creature excited.

"Hearing my shouts of laughter, the fuddled monkey, as if aware that it was at his expense, attempted to appear grave; and mustering all his dignity—as if a drunken monkey could appear dignified—dropped his hands upon his knees, and cocking one of his dull, leaden eyes towards the spot where I lay, attempted to straiten himself, with a manner intended to say—'see here you fool whiteman—what do'y mean? Yer drunk!'

"But this last effort was too much for him; and before he could recover his position, he lost his balance and rolled from his seat to the ground, where in the insensibility of 'beastly drunkenness' he lay stretched as if dead.

"'Him all right now massa cap'n,' exclaimed the negro, as he ran up to the spot, and being provided with thongs, proceeded deliberately to tie the baboon securely. He then lifted the motionless creature to his shoulders, and having thus secured our prisoner, we moved on to where the boat lay among the mangroves.

"'Now massa cap'n,' said the interpreter, 'he sleepy good one—two hour. Take him board brig. When him get sober, him fight like de debbil! tie him good!'

"Having paid the negro for his services, and calling together my men, we once more started down the creek and river, towards my vessel.

"On account of the bar off the mouth of the Rio Pongo, which will not admit the passage of vessels of any considerable draught, and the shallow water for a great distance from the shore, my brig lay some three or four miles off, and it was a pull of some hours from Quomono's creek to where she was anchored.

"We had reached within a mile of the brig, when as I sat in the stern sheets, with my face to the bows of the boat, where the dead drunk baboon had been carelessly thrown, I saw that the captive began to show signs of returning animation. He opened his eyes and looked about him. At once he seemed to be aware of all that had transpired, and of my intentions toward him. For a few moments he was furious with rage, and before the men could secure him to the ring bolt of the stem, as I ordered, he had torn the thongs from his limbs, and thrown them overboard, and grinning fiercely, and gnashing his savage, dog-like tushes together, stood upon the defensive.

I reached over the heads of the men, with my clubbed tiller, and attempted to knock the growling baboon to the bottom of the boat, so that he could be secured and tied. But now completely sobered, and fearless with rage, he leaped over the men, and fell upon me, fastening his powerful jaws upon my arm. Taken completely by surprise—so sudden was the assault—I fell back upon the seat, while my fierce assailant kept his gripe upon my arm and attempted to reach my face with his claw-like hands.

"My men rushed to my rescue, and thick and fast the blows from their fists fell upon the monkey, and he was obliged to let go his hold, and turned upon his new enemies.

"So savage and powerful were his attacks, that the sailors, having nothing but their hands to defend themselves with, were finally forced to spring overboard; and then I found myself alone with the ferocious brute. Resting awhile in the bows of the boat, as if to gain strength for a fresh tussel, he once more sprang upon me.

"I raised the tiller once more, and as he made his leap, I struck with all my might. The blow would have crushed his skull like an egg-shell, but the cunning animal dodged it, and the stick flew out of my hands many yards away upon the water, and I received him upon my outstretched arms, and with all my strength forced him back again among the thwarts of the boat, and following the example of my men, leaped into the sea.

"The baboon had now 'cleared the decks, and was master of the boat. This victory seemed to be all he desired, for, chattering an insulting gibberish at us as we floundered in the water, he sprang into the sea, and, like a practised swimmer, struck out boldly for the shore; while we, half amused and half angry, clambered back into the vacated boat, and pulled away for the brig.

"On visiting king Quomono, on the following day, I told the people what had occurred. They laughed heartily at the story, and promised to recapture the baboon for me. Accordingly, another calabash of rum and sugar was furnished, and the result was that Simon Pongo, as the sailors christened him, found himself that night a prisoner on board the brig; and before we gained our home port, he had become as gentle and gentlemanly a baboon as ever made a sea voyage. I brought him to Cuba with me, where, you perceive, he is as well contented as if among the mangroves of his African home."

Such was Don José's history of Simon, and such was he when I made his acquaintance. But however well contented he was in the beautiful orange orchard, under the fragrant shade of which his cage was placed, he had not forgotten the manner in which he was captured. He never could become reconciled to the negroes on the plantation, and never neglected an opportunity to vent his dislike of them, by hurling stones, sticks, oranges, and anything that happened to lay within his reach, at their heads. Young David, with his sling, had not half the expertness that Simon had with his hand, and woe to the helpless negro that ventured within pistol shot of their enemy.

But Simon and myself were most excellent friends; and when I felt disposed to enjoy a pleasant siesta beneath the orange trees, I would unlock him from his particular tree, and securing the chain to my own, would lie down and sleep in perfect security. Neither animal nor insect could approach me; for, amusing himself with my cranological developments, he would sit for hours watching my slumbers, and nothing was permitted to disturb me.

Still, with all his pleasant ways, Simon Pongo retained to the last a vicious fondness for the bottle; and nothing gave him so much pleasure as an occasional drunken spree; and it being before the days of temperance societies and temperance lecturers, I used to indulge him in them.

Alas! for poor Simon, he had too many enemies among his countrymen on the plantation; and, in spite of my friendly protection, one morning, on calling his name as usual, as I walked in the orange grove, I heard, instead of the cheerful response that had always greeted me, a scarcely audible groan; and on looking into his cage, found him in the agonies of death.

A post mortem examination showed that he had died from the effects of poison, doubtless at the hands of his jealous and vindictive fellow Africans.

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A RESERVED man is in continual conflict with the social part of his nature, and even grudges himself the laugh into which he is sometimes betrayed.

### THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG OF THE SEA.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

Sweet are the songs of the woodland birds,
And their notes of joy and praise
Softly ascend from morn' till eve',
All the long bright summer days.
The butterflies spread their gauzy wings,
And peacefully hums the bee;
But my heart is sad, for I cannot hear,
The voice of the murmuring sea.

Give me your blessing, and let me go—
Joy to my heart no more
Brings its soft dreams of hope and love,
As it did in the days of yore.
I watch the flowers by our cottage home,
But their beauty is nought to me;
For I listen and pine with an aching heart,
For the voice of the murmuring sea.

Bless, and forgive me, mother dear,
I love the raging deep;
And its restless waves *must* bear me on,
Must rock me, and sing me to sleep.
The friends who cluster around our hearth,
Will ever be dear to me;
Alas! I wish I had never heard,
The voice of the murmuring sea.

## THE WAYWARD CHILD.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A PEDAGOGUE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I do not recall the little passage of experience herewith given for the purpose of telling a story; but I do it with the hope that it may fall under the eye of some mother—aye, and of some father—who may be benefited by its lesson.

In the winter of 184– I took charge of the school in the thriving village of Willow Point; and I boarded with Mrs. Edgerly, beneath whose roof I found a cheerful, comfortable home. In fact, I never boarded where I felt more at home than I did there; for Mrs. Edgerly was emphatically a home-body, and it was her intent, flowing from the fullness of a kind, good soul, that all within her domestic circle should be amply cared for. She was a neat, tidy, busy woman, with social qualities of a high order; respected and beloved by all who knew her; and, withal, a very valuable member of the society in which she moved and acted. Her husband was an engineer—a man of strong mind and will, who did his own thinking upon all important matters, and who wielded a marked influence in the affairs of the town and county. They had two children—a boy and a girl. The boy was the oldest, being then sixteen, and had already begun to display those qualities of mathematical and mechanical intellect which have since made him one of the most successful engineers of our time.

The girl was named Kate. She was eight years old; bright as a star, and joyous as the bounding brooklet. I never loved a child more than I loved that one. Aye—and every one loved her who knew her. And yet, with all these excellencies, there were jarring elements in that household. Mrs. Edgerly, with all her mother's love and mother's devotion, did not always find joy in the society of her youngest child. It was in the presence of this child that my good, kind hostess betrayed the one great fault of her life—her IMPATIENCE.

The first time I ever heard Mrs. Edgerly scold her darling I could hardly believe my own ears. It did not seem possible that the warm-hearted mother could use such language, in such tones, to such a child; but I finally came to understand it,—yet it was a long time ere I could reconcile these ebullitions with her other developments of character.

"O, that child will worry me to death!"

How many times I have heard her speak the words; and how suggestive they were of a patience wholly exhausted.

I remember one morning in particular. It was in early spring, and Kate, after she had eaten her breakfast, wanted to go out and play. She asked her mother if she might go. The answer was a quick, decisive NO. But Kate was not satisfied with such a response. She asked again.

"I tell you—NO!" Mrs. Edgerly spoke sharply, and stamped her foot upon the floor.

I was prepared for a scene, for I knew the mental, or, rather, the psychological, condition of the parties; and I knew, too, just how it would all terminate. I knew that the mother was fretted, and that the child was eager for freedom.

"I should think I might go out," said Kate.

"I tell you, you can't; and that's enough."

"I shall go out!" and the child, as she said this, looked into her mother's face with a keen, searching glance.

"Let me catch you going out—just let me catch you at it—that's all!"

This was spoken vehemently and angrily; but the little one, looking out from its large intuition, saw that it meant nothing at all. The parent's words were but the offspring of passion; and though the face showed anger, yet it failed to show anything like decisiveness. Of course Kate could not reason upon these nice distinctions of facial expression; but her intuitive faculties led her to feel just how deep her mother's determination was. It was with her a sort of instinct, and she measured the parent's power of resistance with wonderful accuracy.

"I *shall* go out!" And the little head leaned over upon one side with significant persistence of meaning. "I *shall* go out!" It was not spoken quickly, and in heat; but slowly and carefully, as though the child were feeling her way to conquest.

The mother made no reply to this, other than a threatening shake of the head; and presently Kate began to cry.

"O, my soul! that child will worry me to death!" The words were full of pain and anguish.

And still the child cried on.

"Stop that crying this minute, or I'll come and give you something that you won't like!—Stop, I say!"

"Mayn't I go out?"

"Haven't I told you a hundred times—NO!" And the foot came down with startling emphasis.

The child cried louder than before.

"Stop that crying, or else go up stairs. I won't have any more of it here! I declare, Kate, you are the torment of my life. I shall be glad when you are out of this!"

Crying still the child left the kitchen, and went up stairs; and ere long she returned, and commenced the attack anew.

Another season of tumult, and finally I heard these words drop from the mother's lips:

"Well, *go!* Go, and *stay!* I don't want to see you again for a month! Did ever anybody see such a child!"

Kate was very soon enjoying herself out of doors; and in half an hour Mrs. Edgerly had her work done up, and was resting from her labors. At noon mother and child were as happy as happy could be, and a casual visitor would never have believed that such a scene as that of the morning could have transpired beneath that roof.

And yet, on that very afternoon, there was another scene very much like it. Kate wanted to bring her playthings into the sitting-room; and the mother said, no. Then followed half an hour of storm and gloom. The child was persistent, and provoking, and loud in her tearful entreaties; while the mother fretted and scolded, declaring a dozen times that the very life was being worried out of her. In the end Kate brought her playthings into the sitting-room; though it was a long time before the parent recovered her good nature; but the sunshine was restored at length, and Mrs. Edgerly was once more happy, and little Kate was her darling.

And thus it was, day after day. As I have said, at first I could not understand it; but gradually the whole truth was opened to me, and I was able to see how the kind-hearted, affectionate mother was swayed from her propriety when she came in contact with the will of her little one.

Mr. Parker, a young lawyer of the village, boarded with my hostess, and roomed with me. As we sat in the parlor one evening, Mr. Edgerly joined us, and told us of the fine success his son was meeting with at his new school. By and by the notes of a storm broke upon our ears. The voice of Mrs. Edgerly, sharp and abrupt, came to us in angry tones, and I saw the pain-marks overspread the face of her husband. He knew that we knew the whole story; and, in a moment of anguish, he gave his thoughts words:

"O, that is too bad. I'm afraid my wife will ruin that child!"

At first I thought I would say nothing; but when Mr. Edgerly looked into my face, as though he would have me reply, I spoke to him my feelings:

"I think there is no danger of that, sir." And I shook my head with decisiveness. "The mother loves her child too well for any such result."

"But," said Edgerly, "that isn't the thing. I know she would not injure her child intentionally. She would die first. When she has these altercations she doesn't realize what the effect may be."

"And yet," I replied, "the evil effect falls all upon herself. She suffers more than the child does. The child knows how tenderly it is loved; and, through all the storm and darkness, you may be sure that the little one never loses sight of the maternal affection that still burns behind the clouds. For her own sake the mother should try to control herself; but I think you may rest easy touching the child."

Mr. Edgerly looked incredulous.

"Let me explain," said I. "Do you think the child has any disposition to do that which it knows to be wrong?"

"No, no," was the quick, emphatic answer.

"And, further," I added, "do you believe the mother would allow her child to do a wrong or wicked act, under any circumstances whatever, if it lay in her power to prevent it?"

"Most certainly not."

"Exactly," I resumed; "and the child knows this, too. Little Kate knows that her mother would not allow her to do a wrong thing; and, moreover, she has no desire to do such things. Let her understand that a thing is absolutely wrong, and she persists no longer. So, you see, in all these cases where the altercation springs up the child is not bent upon doing wrong; but only bent upon having its own way in doing that which, with the mother's permission, would be right. In short, that child, tender as she is in years, is a thorough diplomatist. She feels that what the government will permit is right; and, when a project is formed in her mind, she seeks to bend the powers that be to her will. If government takes a hasty stand, and then backs down, government suffers; while the subject, if its aims are innocent, and its disposition good, and its affection for its parent pure and strong, will receive little or no injury. Believe me, sir, the mother is the one upon whom the greatest evil is exerted."

Something called Mr. Edgerly out, and Parker and I were left alone.

"Upon my soul," said the lawyer, "I think you are right; though I never looked at the matter in just that light before. It does seem as though the child was the strongest party,—I might say, the governing power."

"Of course," said I.

"And can you account for it?" Parker asked.

"Nothing is more easy," I replied. "You hear it often remarked that Kate is the exact picture of her father."

"Yes."

"Well—she is more than a picture of him. She is a reflection of his very soul and spirit. She takes on his nature in almost every mental particular. Just look at the face and head she bears above her shoulders. Now mark her strongest points. I think Benevolence is her leading characteristic among the moral organs. Of Veneration she has none,—so, she cannot venerate, or respect anything, save through her Benevolence. Hence, if she is to be governed, she must be governed through her affections. And again,—in the intellectual faculties, Intuition seems to be her predominant quality. She understands things intuitively. She reads motives and principles readily, and feels the result directly. In short, she feels much more than she can tell. Her soul is a sort of machine, operated upon by keen, subtle forces of perception which are not subject to the test of her understanding. So she acts, in a measure, by impulses over which reason has no control.

"Look still further, and you will find another quality which she has inherited from her father: That is, the quality of doing her own thinking. She has but very little of what phrenologists sometimes call marvellousness. She isn't inclined to believe anything until she has weighed it in her own mind, and found it credible.

"And now look at the mother. In her you find a delicately organized, nervous person, with intense affections, a great faith, high veneration, but lacking in self-reliance. Her sympathies and passions are stronger than her reason, and her life will consequently depend almost entirely for its lights and shadows upon the circumstances that surround her. In the sphere of the affections she rules supreme. She commands the love of all who associate with her. And, in the highest department of domestic government, she rules in this household. Her husband obeys her every wish. You have noticed that. And you have noticed the secret of her influence. He loves her, and would do all in his power to make her happy. But suppose she should attempt to oppose him with her will. Suppose she should step down from the realm of the affections, and attempt to set her simple will against his. Of course you can see the result: She would fail at once.

"And, my dear sir, the case is exactly the same with the child. In the realm of Love the mother rules most potently. But when we come down from that, we find that the will of the child is the strongest. In the department of self-reliant force the child has the greatest electric power. Just so sure as that mother and child come together in the conflict of wills, just so sure, in the end, will the child conquer. It is inevitable. And thus we come to the conclusion: if the mother would avoid these unpleasant scenes with her child, she must be careful that she always has the preponderance of reason on her side. She must beware that she does not take the first false step. For, understand, the moment the mother betrays her impatience, that moment the child has gained the advantage. The little one marks her parent's look and word, and when the frown comes, and the angry speech follows, the avenues of the affections are instantly closed, and the combative functions come into play. Don't you see that Mrs. Edgerly, when she has these scenes with Kate is always the first to lose command of her temper, and that, in this loss, she loses the only element of control she possesses over the child?"

The door-bell rung, and our conference was broken up.

I kept the school at Willow Point two years, and then moved away, and went into the practice of another profession. Ten years elapsed, and I visted Mrs. Edgerly again. I found Kate a beautiful maiden of eighteen, and she had the reputation of being the most successful teacher in that section. Her scholars all loved her, and they obeyed her, too. Aye—and more than that: she was the ruling spirit in the household.

One evening, as we sat in the parlor, Kate was called out to attend to some business in the kitchen; and after she was gone I remarked that she was wonderfully like her father.

"Aye," replied Mrs. Edgerly, "she is indeed. She always was."

"Yes," I said. "The first time I ever saw her, I saw how strongly she bore her father's nature."

"And I think, sir, that you once had some conversation with Mr. Parker upon that very subject."

"Very likely."

"Yes—I know you did; for he told me all about it." She swept her hand across her brow, as though busy with scenes of the past; and finally she added, with a solemn shake of the head:

"Ah, had I known, in those early years, how much like her father she was, I might have known better how to govern her; and—*how to have governed myself in her presence.*"

## AN INTERESTING SCRAP OF HISTORY.

There is still living at Green Bay, in Wisconsin, a venerable Frenchman, named Grégnon, whose entire life of nearly a century has been spent on the frontier of the Northwest. He is a man of extraordinary intelligence and unfailing memory; and his narratives of past events in the history of the country are of the most interesting character.

Besides his own recollections, he relates those of his grandfather, the noted Sieur Charles de Langlade, who, as an officer in the French army in America, and also as an extensive trader among the Indians of the border, occupied a prominent position. Many of these recollections have been preserved in the valuable collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, from which I have been permitted to take the following account of Braddock's defeat, in 1755:

"The first service I remember of my grandfather in the French and Indian war, was to raise the tribes of the Northwest—I think the Ottawas, Chippewas, Menomonees, Winnebagoes, Pottowotamies, Hurons, and perhaps others—and repair with their chiefs to Fort du Quesne, for its defence against the English; and also to carry the war against the frontier settlements and forts of the English Colonies.

"What particular chiefs were along, I do not remember hearing my grandfather state, but I doubt not that *La Fourche* and *Pontiac* were of the number. Nor do I know how large a band my grandfather led from the Northwest. But I remember his saying, that when they assembled at Fort du Quesne, the total number of the French and their Indian allies amounted to not far from fifteen hundred; and my strong impression is that nearly all the Indian force was composed of the bands led forth by my relative.

"On the arrival of my grandfather with his Indian forces at Fort du Quesne, spies were sent out to discover the approach of the English army; and they soon returned, reporting that General Braddock's command was within a half day's march of the Monongahela, cutting a road through the forest as they advanced.

"It was determined that M. Beaujeu, with what French could be spared, and the Indian force under De Langlade, should go out and meet the enemy at the river, and attack them while crossing.

"The English got to the south bank of the Monongahela about noon, halted, and prepared for dinner. In the meantime the French and their Indians had secreted themselves in ambush on the opposite shore.

"De Langlade now went to Beaujeu, and told him no time should be lost, but that the attack should be at once commenced. Beaujeu made no reply. My grandfather then called his chiefs together, and desired them to go to that officer and demand orders to open the battle. No reply was made to this formal demand.

"Once more my grandfather went himself to Beaujeu, and urged the necessity of making an immediate attack upon the English, saying, that if he did not intend to fight at all, then it was well enough to act as he did; but if he had come forth to fight, then was the moment to do so, while the enemy were engaged in eating, their arms being then laid aside, or while attempting to cross the stream; that no other so good an opportunity could possibly occur; and that the English were too powerful to be met in open battle.

"The French commander was evidently disheartened on seeing the strength of the enemy, and seemed in doubt what to do, but at length gave the orders to commence the attack.

"The action was at once commenced, and the English officers, who had their little napkins pinned over their breasts, seized their arms and took part in the conflict. A good many of them were killed with their napkins still pinned to their coats, showing how suddenly they had rushed into the battle.

"The English, occupying the lowest ground, almost invariably overshot the French, and their cannon balls would strike the trees half way up among the branches.

"In the battle Beaujeu was killed. But the French and Indian loss was very small. Most who were killed, were not hit by the bullets of the enemy, but by the falling limbs cut from the trees by the over-shooting of the English cannon.

"The English being defeated, and driven back with heavy loss, the first thing to claim my grandfather's attention was, to cause the immense stores and supplies, which they had abandoned, to be searched, and all the liquors poured upon the ground, lest the Indians should indulge so freely in potations as to render them dangerous to the French and to each other.

"While the savages looked with sorrow upon this apparent waste of what, in their estimation, is generally regarded as the greatest of worldly comforts, they did not venture to interfere with any directions of their venerated leader.

"They found enough of excitement, however, at the time, in scalping and stripping the bodies of the slain.

"Most of the British officers were superbly clothed, this being their first campaign, since their arrival from Great Britain; and their clothing and equipage were objects of interest and value to the Indians.

"Nor were the savages alone engaged in securing the plunder, for many of the French were also eagerly employed in this manner. La Choisée, a young man of my grandfather's party, of much enterprise and promise, discovered the body of an English officer, richly dressed. Almost at the same instant, one Rocheblave claimed to have found it; but Le Choisée managed first to get in his possession the officer's well filled purse. Rocheblave stoutly contended for a share of the prize, which the other refused, and the two parted in no friendly way. The next morning La Choisée was found assassinated, and his purse of gold missing. There was no positive evidence of Rocheblave's guilt, but he was ever after strongly suspected of the crime.

"After Braddock's repulse, I do not know whether my grandfather returned home, or remained at Fort du Quesne to engage in the partisan service. We find Dumas, the commandant of Fort du Quesne, giving him orders on the 9th of August, 1756, to go with his Indians and a party of French to make an attack against Fort Cumberland, and ascertain whether the English were making any movements in the direction of the Ohio—to guard strictly against being surprised, or ambuscaded—and if the Indians should take any prisoners, to use his best efforts to prevent their torturing them.

"Of my grandfather's partisan services, while at Fort du Quesne, I would like to mention an incident which he narrated to me:

"The Commandant gave him orders to take a small force and go to a certain point on the frontier, and endeavor to capture a prisoner, from whom to gain information.

"Reaching a frontier fort, which must have been in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, he managed to seize a sentinel in the night, and from him learned that an officer, or paymaster, was expected to arrive at that fort, at a certain time, with a large supply of money for public purposes.

"De Langlade accordingly took a sufficient number of men with him, and among them a French officer, who had a little dog accompanying him. They ambuscaded the road upon which the expected prize was to pass. It was at this time good sleighing—it being in the winter.

"At length, after long watching the path, the small English foot guard preceding the treasure passed the ambuscade, and soon the sleigh containing it and the officer passed by my grandfather, who rushed out in the rear of the vehicle, when the French officer was to head the team. But the little dog leaping into the road in advance of his master, gave the alarm too soon, and the Englishman suspecting some trap set for him, instantly—with great presence of mind, turned his horses about, and commenced retracing his path.

"De Langlade seeing this, sprang after the sleigh, and seized hold of the back of it; but the officer within, used his whip freely upon his horses, and at the same moment drew a pistol, which my grandfather snatched from his hand before he could use it upon him.

"The Englishman now used his whip bravely at one moment upon his galloping animals, and the next upon my grandfather. So lustily did he rain down the blows upon the latter, that he was at length forced to quit his hold, and thus lost the much coveted prize. The pistol of the gallant officer was his only trophy.

"To the premature barking of the Frenchman's dog, the paymaster was indebted for his escape with his valuable charge.

"My grandfather used to tell with great pleasantry, the incident of his horsewhipping and the exciting chase; and how, after the war was ended, he used frequently to meet in Canada, with the brave Englishman, and over a glass of wine, relate the exploit with much good feeling."

### THE ESSENCE OF SELFISHNESS.

We are not in the habit of scolding; but there are times when a free expression of our mind clears the atmosphere amazingly—and that's the case now! If there is any one thing at which the soul of woman revolts, it is the Essence of Selfishness. They don't keep it in drug stores; and it would be of no use to inquire for it at the chemist's; but, unless we are mightily mistaken, it lurks under the shadow of everybody's roof. It generally walks about, neatly garnished with pomatum and cologne, and is usually bottled up in broadcloth and fine linen. And the best of the joke is, that it is superbly unconscious of its own distinguishing characteristics! It thinks it is walking the straight and narrow path in a bee-line; it don't know, upon the whole, but that it is a model for the rest of the created world. *We* could enlighten it—the very minute our pen approaches the topic, we feel an irresistible desire to get up and box the ears of the first cigar-smoking machine we come across, by way of relieving our mind per proxy! Providence knew very well what it was about, when it didn't give us the charge of heating up that kettle of brimstone that is to pay these people off one day! It would have been considerable satisfaction to give the fire a poke, occasionally.

"Selfish!" exclaim the libeled race; "there must be some mistake here. We don't consider ourselves selfish!" Don't you, sir, ? it is very singular what different telescopes people see out of! Depends very much on the view you take of the matter. Here is a small memorandum of things *we* call selfish:

For you to sit on the back piazza, and read a charming new book, on a broiling July evening, while your wife is cooking herself and a hot supper over the kitchen fire, because, forsooth, "you can't eat cold trash!"

To take your hat and dodge off to the Club, or the Lodge, or some such unwholesome den, the minute the baby is tucked up, and the cat shut in the cellar, and the domestic appendage of your Essence-ship ready to sit down and have a nice chat!

To imagine that the sore places in her heart, after a matrimonial skirmish, can be plastered up with five-dollar bills!

To invariably take possession of the easiest rocking-chair, and the corner nearest the fire, and the biggest half of the apple-pie, and the first reading of the newspaper, and the front side of the bed!

To grumble at your wife's "waste of time," when she slips out to dig around her scanty little border of petunias and grass-pinks in the back yard!

To give her seventy-five cents to go to market with, and ask her for the change when she comes back.

To hint that in these hard times she ought to try to get along with one servant, and ask, ten minutes afterward, why it is that she don't always look as nice as Tompkins's wife, who boards, and don't know a gridiron from a tea-kettle.

To spend fifty dollars in a champagne supper for a dozen wretches, who wouldn't care if you were sent to State's Prison to-morrow, and wouldn't lift their finger to get you out again; and then to wrinkle your brow, quilting-pattern fashion, over the stray half dollar you can't account for, in the household expenses; and finally snarl over "silly extravagances," when your wife tearfully confesses that she confiscated it to buy a wooden horse for the baby!

My dear man, how do you ever expect to go to Heaven, with all these small sins hanging round your neck? You won't get within a hundred yards of the gates, unless you turn over a new leaf and begin again. Don't follow the example of Adam, and lay the blame on your wife, although it *is* rather hard that you don't happen to be blest with one who knows everything without being told, and keeps house on four cents a day, and never expects to be told any of her husband's secrets! We wish somebody would tell us where these wonderful wives grow, we would order a few thousand immediately, for the benefit of our grumbling friends of the Order of the Essence of Selfishness!

Mrs. George Washington Wyllys.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

The best language in all countries is that which is spoken by intelligent women, of too high rank for petty affectation, and of too much request in society for deep study.

A farmer of our acquaintance, who has been trying to improve the quality of his apples, complains, that, "instead of improving, they go backwards." We suppose they are *crab*-apples.

That poetry, which moves the heart most, is the best; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.

Nothing so attracts the sensitive heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion.

Death must be a blessing, for it makes our enemies cease to hate us and our friends to love us the more.

He who puts aside his religion because he is going into society is like one taking off his shoes because he is about to walk on thorns.

The country is lyric—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.

Authors should not go into spasms and convulsions. They must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air.

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

We wish to close our eyes on the world in the places we love best; the child in its mother's bosom, the patriot in his country's.

Some of Nature's human productions are written in *cypher*—a kind of cypher, which like that in mathematics, means *nothing*.

A prophet is said to be often without honor; and perhaps honor is quite as often without profit.

The man who asks a short question might not perhaps like a short answer.

A man is never so apt to go crooked as when he is in a strait.

The criticism of enemies is often more valuable than the advice of friends.

Fancies are the flowers of the soul; thoughts are its stars.

A rhymer, like a hen, is apt to cackle over his lay.

An angry woman, like an angry snake, makes a terrible exhibition of tongue.

The eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.

From the mysteries of religion the vail is seldom to be drawn; from the mysteries of love, never.

A portion of our lives is consumed by the torch we follow at the funerals of those we love.

Women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

We may receive so much light as to be blind, and so much philosophy as to be foolish.

Days are lost in lamentations over the loss of days.

A weak hand may disturb the ashes of the dead, but an earthquake cannot perturb them.

If hostile nations pour their legions into each other's territory, they must expect to bleed at every *pour*.

They say that to err is human; but in some errors there is a great deal of inhumanity.

A poor fellow sometimes lives only for his wife, when she had much rather he should die for her.

Your child is indebted to you for his life; see that he be indebted to you for a good life.

If you are a bad man, the more of your time you pass in sleep the better.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

A party of boys, while in swimming in a large pond in the interior of this State, got into competition as to which of them could stay under water longest, and after a while, one of them not coming up for an unusual length of time, his comrades became alarmed, and on searching for him could not find him. After some time had elapsed, they saw the blood crimsoned in a certain spot, and on searching beneath the water there, they found his lifeless body. It seems that he had broken a blood-vessel while under the water, probably fainted away, and then perished.

In a menagerie that was perambulating Pennsylvania, a black bear and a panther, that were confined in the same cage as an example of the pacific nature of ferocious beasts when "managed right," got into a fight one exhibition day, and gave the spectators a treat not bargained for. The keepers separated them as soon as possible, but not before the fur flew and blood was drawn on both sides. The first "knock down" was won by the bear, but the panther "came to time" in gallant style.

A number of boys were playing on the roof of a house up town the other evening, when one of them, wishing to astonish his playfellows, climbed to the top of the chimney, and stuck his head down the flue; losing his balance, the unfortunate boy fell headlong into the chimney, and there being a fire in the range communicating with it, he was suffocated before he could be extricated.

A party of rowdy young men, who were rowing across the East River one evening lately, getting into a fight, began to belabor each other with their oars, when a ferry-boat bore down on them with such evident determination on the part of the pilot to run them under, that they, in a great panic, placed their oars in the rowlocks, and pulled for life out of the ferry-boat's pathway.

An inoffensive man, who was crying along Fourth street, "any glass to put in?" one day recently, was assailed by a half-drunken ruffian, who commenced cuffing and kicking him; as soon as the window mender recovered from his astonishment, he caught the box of glass from his back, and striking his assailant in the face with it, prostrated him, cutting his visage sadly, and then went on his way unmolested.

A man was assaulted at the corner of Cedar and Pearl streets, one evening recently, by a cutthroat-looking ruffian, who evidently meant robbery, and, if need be, murder; but his customer (who was too tough for him) drew a pistol and made the robber walk before it till he found a policeman, into whose custody he was delivered.

The body of a young woman, in whose lifeless arms the tiny form of a dead infant was clasped, was taken from the East River, one morning lately, near the foot of Grand street. Both the bodies were much emaciated, and it was thought that the poor mother, unable to procure sustenance for herself and babe, had sought the inhospitable shelter of the river from starvation.

A lady who requested a dentist, to whom she had gone to have three teeth extracted, to administer chloroform to her, before commencing the painful work, was thrown into convulsions after she had inhaled the fumes of the subtle drug, and came near dying from the effects of the inhalation.

While a washerwoman, living in First Avenue, was hanging out clothes in the yard of the house of an employer, her little girl, whom she usually took with her wherever she went to work, upset a boiler of hot water upon herself, and was scalded so badly that she died in the course of half an hour.

A poor woman, living in Avenue B, was lighting a fluid lamp one evening recently, when it exploded, and the ignited fluid flying over her and her little girl, who was standing by her side, they were both burnt so badly that they died before morning.

In a fight between a number of rowdies and several sailors, which occurred in South street one night recently, two of the former were beaten and stabbed so badly it was thought they would die from their injuries, and they were taken to the hospital.

A boy about nine years of age fell into the excavation for a sewer in Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, not long since, and striking his head against a stone, he was injured so badly that his life was despaired of.

A porter fell through the hoistway of a five-story building in Murray street, the other evening, from the top story to the cellar, and was instantly killed.

A child, three years old, whose parents live in Hicks street, Brooklyn, died recently from the effects of having swallowed a copper cent several days before.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

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## THE NATIONAL FLAG.

Eighty-four years ago on the fourteenth of the present month it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the *Union* be thirteen white stars on a blue field." Twenty-one new stars have since been added to the constellation of 1777, and the "blue field" is now spangled with thirty-four shining symbols of Liberty and Union. The progress of the Republic during the period that has elapsed since the stars and stripes were adopted as the national ensign, has been little short of miraculous. Its population of scant three millions at the commencement of the war of Independence, has increased to more than thirty millions, and although yet in its infancy, as we reckon the ages of nations, it ranks in political importance, in commercial power and influence, in material resources, and in all the elements of national glory, with the mightiest empires of the old world. Never was there such a bound from comparative insignificance to substantial greatness since time began. Our story is the very romance of history.

The tree
Whose drooping branches one by one take root
Until a forest hides the parent stem,
Symbols the rise of Empires—yet for *ours*
Affords no parallel. *Its bursting seeds*
*Were scattered broadcast by the hand of God!*
Behold the increase!—where, on every side,
From the blue mountains to the bounding main,
Nestling in valleys, dotting fertile plains,
And on the hill-sides shining, crowned with spires,
Our cities rise; while down a hundred streams
Our inland fleets sweep laden to the sea!
Behold the lakes, where once the frail canoe
Timidly coasted! Lo, from port to port,
Trailing their smoky pennons through the sky,
The mighty steamers surging!
In each zone
That belts the earth our star-lit banner shines,
And every gale sends forth to every shore,
Or home returns, our freighted argosies!

The flag under which we have attained to such a pitch of prosperity and glory, was first displayed in battle on the 7th of October, 1777, at the memorable battle of Saratoga, which resulted in the surrender, a few days afterward, of more than six thousand British troops to the American arms. This was a glorious beginning, and the banner thus auspiciously launched upon its career, was borne on from victory to victory, until it floated over the hights of Yorktown, and the veterans of Cornwallis grounded their weapons under its triumphant folds. Thirty-four years later British valor again succumbed before it at the decisive battle of New Orleans. Then Algiers and Tripoli and Tunis were compelled to do it homage, and still more recently, after a series of the most brilliant successes, uninterrupted by a single reverse, it was planted, an emblem of conquest, in the capital of Mexico. Through three wars it has passed without a stain. For more than four-fifths of a century it has fluttered over the only free country on the face of the globe. It has been respected in every land and on every sea. No government has ever outraged it with impunity. It has been borne farther into the regions of eternal ice than any other flag in Christendom. The greatest statesmen and orators of modern times—ay, or of any times—have flourished in its shadow. Genius has wedded it to immortal song. It was the battle standard and the pall of Washington. It is the only legitimate emblem of true civil liberty that floats this day between earth and heaven. The despot-ridden peoples of Europe look up to it with eyes as full of trust and hope, as if the motto of the sacred banner of Constantine, "In hoc signo vinces"—*Under this sign shall ye conquer*, was written in letters of light across its stripes and stars. It is the flag not merely of this Union, but of Freedom—*she has no other!* To abandon or dishonor it would be base ingratitude to Heaven, and foul treason to mankind! Long may it wave!

## PUBLIC SPIRIT.

Can a human being perform a disinterested action? is a question often discussed among young men. "Of course he can," cries young Ardent; "I have just given sixpence to a beggar whom I never saw before, and shall never see again; *that* was a disinterested act." "Was it?" says Crusty; "did a desire to get rid of the old woman have nothing to do with the gift? And is not Mr. Ardent so constituted that he cannot say No to any one without inflicting pain upon himself?"

Young Ardent thinks ill of Mr. Crusty's disposition. He says that Crusty has no generous impulses, no faith in man's higher-thingamy. Nevertheless, in quiet moments, when free from Crusty's irritating presence, he is obliged to confess to himself that there is a certain infusion of selfishness in the actions which he supposed to be utterly generous.

And what of it? Are good deeds less good on that account? We think not.

Man is not called upon to be disinterested. It is no part of his duty, and it is probably beyond his power. We are so formed and so circumstanced, that our duty and our interest are always the same. It is the duty of the shoemaker to make good shoes, in order that the feet of men may be properly protected, and it is his interest to make good shoes in order that he may get more shoes to make. The same is true of all men and all duties, from the lonely cobbler at his bench up to the patriot soldier fighting for his country.

But though complete disinterestedness is unknown to human nature, that man is a poor creature who has none of it. An unhappy wretch is he who serves as a soldier *solely* for his pay, not loving his occupation, taking no pride in it, feeling no generous ardor to perform its duties well. We have observed of all the best mechanics whom we have known, that they have a certain love of good workmanship, irrespective of the price it will command. Great preachers, editors, artists, authors, soldiers, lawyers, surgeons, naturalists, all exhibit a disinterested love of their work. Not that they are ever, or ever ought to be, indifferent to the rewards of their labor, which are fame and fortune; by no means; but besides these, they have a keen and constant delight in the mere exercise of their talent.

There are large numbers of people to whom life is a dull affair. The morning brings with it no joy, the evening no content. Their life is a round of duties that are always tedious except when they are painful. Among the reasons for this lamentable want of enjoyment of existence one of the most common is the transaction of business in a purely selfish spirit. The happy men are they who are *in love with their duties;* who spring to their labor with exultation, and glory in doing it well. The happy men are they who, without being disinterested, abound in the spirit of disinterestedness, serving themselves because they must, and serving the public because they love to do it.

## DYING WORDS

Some fidgetty man of research, who could not let well enough alone, has recently been rooting among the most remarkable sentences purporting to have been uttered by dying greatness, in the hope of branding these scraps of death-bed history as spurious. His success has not been brilliant. He shows, on pretty good authority, that history has now and then put into the mouths of dying celebrities words they never uttered, and hence he infers that the practice is universal. We have no sympathy with such cold-blooded incredulity. We *choose* to believe in Locke's "Life is a poor vanity," Addison's "See how a Christian can die," Goethe's prayer for "light," Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship," Adams's "this then is the last of earth," and a hundred other characteristic expressions alleged to have been uttered by dying philosophers, statesmen and heroes. If the words are consistent with the sentiments known to have been entertained by the worthies to whom they are ascribed, what right have we to doubt their authenticity—especially when vouched for by respectable witnesses. The writer referred to, insinuates that the famous words of the dying Lawrence were the invention of a Boston editor, who was anxious to console his fellow-citizens for the loss of the Chesapeake! There are members of the Lawrence family now living before whom it would not be safe to risk such a remark. Some creatures are so constituted, that they cannot believe in the genuineness of any noble, or generous, or Christian expression, except on the evidence of their own senses, while they adopt as authentic, on the flimsiest pretexts, whatever good, men would desire to be untrue.

## BUSINESS NEXT FALL.

What sort of a fall trade shall we have? is a question that a great many people would like to be able to answer. We understand that some of our long-headed business men down town are anticipating a good season for business. Not that the amount will be quite up to the average, but that the business done will be very considerable in amount, and perhaps not less profitable than usual. Several reasons are given for this opinion. In the first place, the stock of goods on hand throughout the country will be extremely small after so long a period of inaction in trade. Secondly, the immense sums of money spent by the government, nearly all of which is spent in the country, will find their way, ere long, into the ordinary channels of trade. Thirdly, the currency of the great West will soon be rectified by the vast quantities of gold that have been sent thither to pay for exported grain. Fourthly, for a year past the farmers have been doing well, paying their debts, and getting ready to spend a little money. Fiftly, a great part of the fall business consists in supplying articles that are absolutely indispensable. Fuel, blankets and clothing everyone must have in the winter. For these and other reasons, our business men are of opinion that a respectable fall business may be reasonably expected. They think, also, that a larger proportion of it than usual will be done for cash or short credit.

## MODERN ARMS.

In glancing over the war-history of the present century, he must be indeed a stoic who does not sigh over the enormous sacrifice of life which the statistics of the historians disclose. In the battles of the First Napoleon, from the conflict at Marengo, in June 1800, to the closing fight at Waterloo in the same month of 1815, over eight hundred thousand vigorous men were "expended," and during the eleven weeks' campaign of Napoleon III., in Italy, at least one hundred and fifty thousand were killed and wounded. Of course, the short, vigorous campaign of the nephew was infinitely less diastrous than the protracted warfare of the uncle. Rifled cannon and Minnié rifles, little as they look like it, are merciful weapons. They plough the way to peace. Shut up in his all but impregnable shell at Sebastopol, the Russian long defied them, but in field contests they are irresistible. When the entire war-history of the present century shall come to be written, it will probably be found by those who come after us that *all* its great battles were decided by *superior arms*.

## THE ABUNDANT CROPS.

What a productive season is this, all over the northern States! The oldest inhabitant never saw the country, in the month of July, present a more superb appearance of fertility than it now does. A late season is apt to be one of abundant production, and this season was rather late. The rains of May kept back the planting of corn, but had the finest effect upon the growing grass. The hay crop that has just been gathered in is of excellent quality, and much above the average in quantity. Wheat appears to have escaped, very generally, the ravages of the insects, and is yielding a bountiful harvest. Corn, though a little backward, promises well. How important it is to the country that the crops this year should be abundant, we need not say, for every one knows it but too well. A failure in any one of our great staples this year would have been a calamity, not to the United States only, but to civilization.

* * *

☞ The miserable condition of Bloomingdale Road is inducing many of our citizens who own horses to cross over to Long Island, where the drives are much more pleasant. It strikes us that our "City Fathers" might afford to keep one road on this island in tolerably decent condition; but so long as they prefer to pocket the money rather than expend it for the public convenience, we ought to be thankful to our Long Island neighbors for providing us with a means of exit from the city so convenient as the 34th street Ferry, and the Hunter's Point and Flushing Turnpike. This is a new road, and affords one of the most pleasant drives in the vicinity of New York.

## THE FUGITIVE LIEUTENANT.

It was while the American army was freezing and starving at Valley Forge, and the British army was rioting and luxuriating in Philadelphia, that a lame, dirty, beggarly-looking fellow, walking with a crutch, approached the northern outpost of the Royal forces, and, with a simple, idiotic laugh and leer, announced his intention of entering the city and taking the British general prisoner.

"Indeed?—then I shall be under the necessity of arresting you!" said a young subaltern, winking at some of his companions, and assuming a serious air

"He! he! he!" laughed the idiot; "just you try it, that's all."

"Why, my good fellow, what would you do?"

"Do?" exclaimed the other, drawing himself up with an air of defiance; "why, I'd tell the great General Washington."

"Then I am afraid to venture on your arrest. So, pass on—you will probably find General Howe prepared to receive you."

The idiot suddenly looked troubled, glancing about him warily and suspiciously, as if he feared he might meet the general he was so boldly going to capture, but finally hobbled off toward the city. With some such silly dialogue he got past the different sentries, who seemed to give him no thought beyond the amusement of the time. By night he was fairly within the town, and kept on his way, sometimes humming snatches of old songs, and in general not much noticed by any. Through one street after another he continued to hobble forward, till he came to one of no great length, containing a block of three-story, respectable looking houses, which might be occupied by persons in middling circumstances. This street was not lighted, and appeared deserted, so that when he stopped before one of the dwellings he was not perceived. He knocked at the door, and a woman's head appeared at the second-story window.

"Won't you give me something to eat, ma'm? I'm nearly starved!" said the idiot.

"Yes, poor fellow!" replied the woman, in a kindly tone; "in a minute I will hand you something."

Soon after a lower shutter was pushed a little back, and a hand, containing some bread and meat, was thrust out.

"Mother!" said a low voice.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the female within, in an agitated tone.

"Hush!" returned the beggar, in a guarded whisper.

A moment after the door was thrown open.

"Yes, ma'm—thank you—I don't care if I do," said the beggar, as if in reply to an invitation to come in, at the same time crossing the threshold, with an appearance of deep humility.

The moment the door closed behind him, the man dropped his crutch and threw his arms around the other, fairly sobbing.

"Mother! dear, dear mother!"

"William!" exclaimed the other, pressing the ragged mendicant to her heart; "oh, my dear, dear William! what is the meaning of this? and how is it I find you here in this sad plight?"

"I have passed the British lines in this disguise, playing the fool to the sentries. But tell me how you are, dear mother, and how you fare in these troublous times?"

"Indifferently well, my son. The British are our masters here, but so far I have little to complain of in the way of personal treatment. Provisions are scarce and high, and only by the strictest economy shall I be able to live through, if they continue to retain possession of the city any considerable length of time. Your sister Mary is at your uncle's in Delaware, and will deeply regret that she has missed this opportunity of seeing you."

"And are you alone, mother?"

"No, two English gentlemen are boarding with me."

"Do they belong to the army?" inquired the young man, quickly and uneasily; "and are they now in the house?"

"No, they appear to be private gentlemen of some means, and neither is within at present. But you look troubled—have you anything to fear, my son?"

"If detected, I may be hung as a spy."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the mother, in alarm; "you terrify me! Are you here without permission? without a pass?"

"Yes—did I not say I played the fool to the sentries, and so got past them?"

"But I thought that was for your own amusement. Oh, William, if you should be discovered! Why did you venture in this desperate manner?"

"I could not get a pass, and I was so anxious to see you and Mary that I resolved to risk all."

"Quick, then, come up stairs, and let us fix upon a hiding-place at once, before anything happens! Oh, William, I am so alarmed!"

Both hastened up stairs to the third story, and, after considering several places, decided that the loft close under the roof might be the best for concealment, as the trap-door leading to it could be fastened underneath, which would tend to blind a search; while the young man, if pressed, could escape to the roof, and, by means of a long rope, fastened to the chimney, could lower himself into either the yard or the street. This would not insure his escape, but it was the best plan the two could think of, and served to render both less fearful of detection and the serious consequences. Having provided the rope, the mother hastened to bring up a large quantity of food, which her son began to devour with a ravenousness that showed he had told no untruth, when, in the character of a beggar, he had declared himself in a state bordering on starvation.

While he was eating, his mother plied him with questions concerning the army at Valley Forge, in which he held a lieutenant's commission, and which he had left on a furlough; and the answers of the young soldier depicted a state of destitution and suffering that caused his hearer to weep for very sympathy. Three thousand soldiers had been down on the sick list at one time, and, without the common necessaries of life, had perished by hundreds; while of those capable of doing duty, scarcely one had a blanket to cover him at night, or food enough to keep soul and body together. Pale, emaciated, ragged and dirty, many with bare feet upon the frozen earth, they walked shivering through the camp by day, and crowded themselves together at night, to get what little warmth they could from each other's bodies, the most forlorn and wretched set of beings that ever a nation called to arms.

"God help us all!" ejaculated the mother, in a dejected tone. "I suppose, after all our hardships, we shall be compelled to succumb to our tyrannical foes."

"Never," cried the young officer, "while there is a thousand men left in our country to make a last desperate stand. We can only be conquered by annihilation; and if it is God's will that a tyrant shall rule over this broad continent, not a single true heart will live to feel the oppression and degradation. Ere that time, dear mother, I for one shall be beyond the reach of earthly monarch."

"God bless you, William!" cried the mother, enthusiastically, grasping his hand; "your father's spirit speaks in you. He died on the battle-field with those sentiments in his heart; and I freely give you—my only son and hope—to the glorious cause which his blood and that of thousands of others has hallowed."

For several days the intrepid young officer remained concealed beneath his mother's roof, his presence supposed to be known only to themselves. But one evening, near the end of his furlough, when he was beginning to think about preparing for his secret departure, an officer with six men appeared at the door, and said he had orders to arrest one William Ruggles, supposed to be somewhere in the dwelling.

"Why, that is my son!" said the widow, in great trepidation.

"So much the more likely that he should be here then," was the unfeeling reply.

"And for what would you arrest him? and what will be done with him if found?"

"We shall take him for a spy, and, if found guilty, he will be hung of course, as every cursed rebel should be. Here, Badger and Wilcot, guard the back door; you, Bent and Walters, begin the search; and you, Jones and Johnson, remain where you are. Sharp now, all of you! Let the fellow be taken alive if possible—but, alive or dead, let him be taken. Now, good woman, if he is in the house, of which we are very strongly assured, let him appear and save yourself much trouble, otherwise the consequences be your own head."

"If you think my son is in the house, search to your heart's content!" returned the mother, externally calm, internally suffering.

And forthwith the search began.

Meantime the young lieutenant, who had heard enough to comprehend his danger, had set about affecting his escape, but not altogether in the manner first intended. He went out on the roof, it is true, and tied the long rope to the chimney, casting one end down toward the street, but this only for a blind. He had seen that the bricks of the dividing wall between the house occupied by his mother and one of the two adjoining buildings, had been loosely put up under the ridge-pole, and his present design was to remove a few of these, crowd through into the loft of the other house, and then replace them. This purpose he effected before the soldiers searching for him came up near enough to hear the little noise he was compelled to make. The open trap-door of the roof, and the rope around the chimney, served to mislead them, as he had hoped; and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that he heard them announce the manner of his escape. Immediately after, the whole party left in haste, first threatening Mrs. Ruggles with subsequent vengeance, for harboring, concealing, and conniving at the escape of a rebel spy, even though the man was her son.

When fully satisfied that all the soldiers had gone, young Ruggles attempted to return into his mother's dwelling by the way he had left, but in again displacing the bricks for this purpose, one of them slipped and went down through an open trap-door upon the floor below, making a loud noise. Immediately after a light flashed up through the opening, and a timid female voice demanded who was there.

Here was a dilemma. Should the young soldier reply, he would be exposed; and should he keep silence, a search would probably be made, which might prove even more serious in its consequences. What was to be done? A sudden inspiration seized him. It was a woman's voice, and women are seldom steeled to pity. He would make himself known, appeal to her sympathies, and throw himself upon her mercy.

"Lady," he began, in a gentle tone, calculated to reassure his fair hearer, "be not alarmed. I am a friend in distress, the son of your next door neighbor. I am hunted as a spy by British soldiers, and, if found, my life will be forfeited. If you cannot pity me, for God's sake pity my poor mother, and assist me for her sake!"

He presented himself at the opening to the loft, and boldly descended the steps leading down from it, directly before the lady, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen, who stood with a light in her hand, and seemed dumb and motionless with a commingling of fear, surprise and curiosity. The young man continued to speak as he descended, and hurriedly went on to narrate all that had occurred, concluding with the search of the soldiers, and his escape into the loft above.

"Thank God, it is in my power to aid you, sir!" were the first words of the girl, spoken with a look and feeling of sympathy that made the heart of the soldier bound with strange emotions.

She then went on to tell him that a cousin from New Jersey, about his size and build, and looking not unlike him, was then on a visit to the family, having a pass from General Howe. This pass she had that evening been looking at, and by accident it was now in her possession, the cousin having gone out with the rest of the family, and forgotten it.

"Take it and fly, and may God preserve you!" she said. "I can arrange it with my kinsman," she continued; "I can have lost it, and he can easily procure another."

She hurried him down stairs, throwing a cloak over his shoulders on the way, which she insisted upon his wearing, saying it had belonged to a deceased brother, and he could return it at any future time. She then hastened to get the pass, which she placed in his hand, and urged him to go at once.

"If I could but see my mother for a moment!" he said.

"No, no—leave all to me—I will explain all to her—go while you can, before it is too late."

"God in Heaven bless you, sweet lady!" he said, impulsively seizing her hand and touching it with his lips. "I will never forget you."

The next minute he was gone. He escaped. And true to his declaration, he never did forget the sweet girl who befriended him in his hour of peril. Years after, the honored wife of General Ruggles was many a time heard to tell of her first romantic meeting with him she loved, then a hunted fugitive from the Continental army.

## WALL STREET BY GAS LIGHT.

Wall street, after dark, is a melancholy spectacle. The contrast between its business aspect by day and its sepulchral appearance by night is painful. The soul goes out of it with the evening twilight, and does not return until broad daylight next morning. During the intermediate time, it is in a state of ghostly trance. An occasional private watchman, with what appears to be a blazing eye in his midriff, only adds to the spectral *horror* of the scene. The very gas lights seem to burn blue like corpse candles, which, considering the state of the moral atmosphere in that region, is, perhaps, not to be wondered at. The banks look grim and ghoulish. The Exchange that echoes by day to the voice and tread of commercing multitudes, looms through the darkness, visible like a temple dedicated to the powers thereof—with whom, of course, it has no connection. Quite otherwise. Then the black streets that run into the thoroughfare of Mammon, seen, by the lurid light of the dim and dusty lamps, give one the idea of roads to Tophet. Altogether Wall street by gas light is a very pokerish-looking place, and if it were not overlooked by Trinity church, one might be excused for fancying that it would be a congenial resort for evil spirits that keep late hours for wicked purposes. Of course, when the *habitues* of the street come back, their presence purifies it; and during the day it wears a virtuous, exemplary and cheerful aspect!

## ABOUT TENTS.

Millions of the Earth's inhabitants have no other homes than tents, and desire no other. In fact, some of the tribes who dwell in these portable tabernacles look with pity upon the civilized tenants of stationary domiciles, calling them "prisoners of cities." The Kurd of Persia, the Samoiede of Siberia, the Bedouin of Arabia, would consider a brown-stone mansion in the Fifth Avenue a very clumsy and inconvenient substitute for the skin or canvas house which he carries with him on his camel or his horse. And certainly the nomad who roams the wild, home in hand as it were, has some important advantages over the dweller in marble halls. His habitation is his own, and he never raises money upon it by bond and mortgage, or is compelled to sell it in hard times at a great sacrifice. He pays no house rent, no taxes, and changes his location as often as he deems it for the benefit of his health or his pecuniary interest to do so. The most beautiful and salubrious spots he can find in his wanderings are his without fee so long as he chooses to occupy them, and wherever he pitches his tent the surrounding pasturage belongs to him for the time being. In short, he is a locomotive squatter sovereign, establishing his dominion wherever he lists, and leaving it for a new scene whenever he gets tired of it. Can any human being be more thoroughly independent?

Christian civilization cares little for tents, however, except for military purposes. And what are its ordinary military tents? About the most unsuitable concerns for the purpose they are intended to subserve that misdirected ingenuity could devise. Their shape—we allude to the common bell tent and the marquee—are admirably calculated to catch and hold the wind instead of resisting and throwing it off. During the siege of Sebastopol a tremendous tornado prostrated all the canvas in the British and French armies. Only the *rounded* bee-hive shaped tents of the Turks remained standing. Did the allies profit by the hint? Not they. They put up new sharp-angled and baggy canvas houses, like those the tempest had demolished, and the consequence was that every heavy gale made large gaps in their encampments, sometimes unhousing whole regiments who had to stand the pelting of the pitiless storm without cover, or take shelter with comrades whose quarters were already crowded almost to suffocation.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that there has been very little improvement in military tents during the last eighteen centuries. The French army tents—those adopted within the last few years—are probably the best of their kind extant. They are an improvement upon the Turkish, especially as regards ventilation, but except in this respect are not much superior to the skin huts of the Roman legionaries in the reign of Nero, each of which was capable of accommodating ten privates and a subaltern. Even in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the tents of the pastoral tribes of the East seem to have been pretty comfortable tabernacles. They were covered with the skin of a certain Red Sea fish, resembling chamois leather,—in King James's Bible erroneously rendered badger's skin.

The latest "wrinkle" in army tents is an invention of Captain Rhodes, a British officer, which is said to be an improvement on the French pattern. We have a notion, however, that Yankee ingenuity can improve upon all European improvements, and therefore believe that *the* military tent of the age is yet to be invented by an American.

## VIVID LIFE.

"'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

I have been reading a live book by one of those persons to whom the simple gift of existence were alone blessing enough. One who walked the earth with bounding step, and to whom every blossom and cloud-tint was a special gift of love. A happy, joyous, rich, exuberant nature, that it seemed death and decay could never touch. Ah! how sad to turn away, as we close a book like this, knowing that even for such there can be no exemption. We never saw the author; we never met the beam of the eyes which so revelled in this beautiful world, and yet we finger as tenderly the closed volume, as if we were smoothing the hair over the brow of the departed author. With a sigh we go out into the bright sunshine, and mutter querulously—Why was he born for this? You must have felt this—and you—and you—at the live words of some one, who being dead yet speaketh.

And who of us has not had personal friends who could never—never—die to us? Whose waving locks *always* touch us; whose garments still flutter past us; whose fragrant breath we inhale, till our souls grow faint; and for whose footstep we never cease listening. True—the moss may have gathered round their tombstone long since; and we go there, and read their name, and age, and the day they died, with as stupid a bewilderment, years after, as if we saw it for the first time. It seems like some sad mistake. It cannot be—that some day, at the threshold, or round the street-corner shall not beam upon you that face, bright-eyed, cherry-lipped and radiant. Perhaps we turn upon our finger restlessly, a ring that dust once wore; perhaps in a locket, sleeping on our breast, nestles a bright tress, whose fellows, thread by thread, have decayed long ago; but still, our yearning hearts turn away from all these convincing proofs of bereavement, and cry out piteously—come—oh, come!

And sometimes we meet a strange face so mockingly like the dead one; or a form sways past us, that makes our breath come quick, and our heart throb, and our fingers move nervously to touch it, as we chokingly murmur the dear name it evokes. And when we see anything beautiful, we so long that *they* should see it; and who knows they do *not?* and by the great deep sea, and on the mountain-top, and in the valley, we listen for that sympathetic echo, and will not *be* denied. Can love like this, die when *we* die? Blessed be God for immortality!

Fanny Fern.

## CROAKERS.

If there is any "vermin exterminator" capable of destroying that noxious domestic animal, the croaker, we should be glad to hear of it. Who has not suffered from this sour, discontented, drizzling human shower-bath—ever ready to quench the first spark of hope or hilarity, and make every circle as dismal as his own dark soul. We have seen such persons enter where all was bright sunshine, and a great dark pall seemed to descend at once with their ingress. No topic could be mentioned, that the darkest side was not sedulously cultivated by this wretched animal, till everybody present felt like rushing out into the fresh air, and trying his limbs, to see if they were not as utterly paralyzed as his spirit. If there is any such person in one's neighborhood, the more severely he is let alone the better; especially if one would have a home where children should love to stay. It is a *crime* so to overshadow their young life's brightness; to poison their cup with distrust and suspicion so unnecessarily. For their sake, at least, it were wise to show such nuisances the door.

Fanny Fern.

## THE ENCHANTED MAIDEN.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

My cup of life with joy is full,
And my heart is thrilling so—
The beaker shakes in my trembling hands,
Till its sweet drops overflow.

All day I walk as in a trance,
And the thoughts I never speak,
But try to hide from the world away,
Burn out in my tell-tale cheek.

And often out of my dreams at night
I wake to consciousness,
For the spell of happy slumber breaks
With its own excess of bliss.

I am almost burdened with the wealth
Of a joy so great and good,
That I cannot keep it to myself,
Nor tell it if I would.

'Tis strange that this should come to one,
Who, all her life before,
Content in her quiet household ways
Has asked for nothing more.

And, stranger, that he in whom the power,
The wonderful magic lay,
That changed this world to a paradise,
Was a man but yesterday!

# THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

# ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

### A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TORTURED SOUL.

The hate which Clara's father felt for Harry Temple was profound and bitter. Wells was fanatical in his loyalty to King George. He was a selfish, narrow-minded, and mean-spirited man. Harry's noble qualities, his bold and frank spirit, and generous nature, only made him more hateful to a man like Wells.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he zealously preserved the barrier which he had created between the two lovers. Gondo had told Wells of his conversation, and the father added his influence to deepen the impression on his daughter's mind.

As they rode along he alluded to this, so that his daughter might not by any means forget it.

"I cannot bear the sight of that villain," said Wells. "When I see him I think of him as he appeared amid that raging mob, when I appealed to him for safety."

"And wouldn't he help you?"

"He? He help me? What do you suppose brought him there?"

"What?"

"Revenge. He vowed revenge on me, and he found it."

"Do you believe this, father?"

"Believe it? I know it."

"I do not think it is possible for any one to be so base. He does not look so."

"He is all the worse on that account. He pretends to be a bluff, hearty, whole-souled man, and that makes him all the worse. But let him beware!"

Clara's heart again sank within her. Oh, what joy it would have been if she could only have proved his innocence. Now this additional testimony to his guilt distracted her. She longed to speak to him, and hear from his own lips whether these things were so. But that was impossible.

"He planned that thing well," cried the old man, after a pause. "Oh, it was well done. But, Clara, it was for your sake that I forbid him the house. If I had fawned on him—if I had sacrificed my precious child, I could have escaped; but I loved you, my daughter, and I suffered."

"Oh, father."

"You must see that I had no personal feeling against him, except that honest indignation which every true man feels for a traitor."

"Did you suspect him before?"

"Ay—that I did. I cannot tell you all the reasons. Suffice it to say, they were sufficient to show me the true nature of the man."

"And that was the reason why you discouraged his visits."

"That was the whole and the only reason, my daughter."

Clara sighed heavily.

"I know you will rejoice, my child, in thus seeing this villain unmasked, and standing forth in his true character. He is capable of any treachery."

"Perhaps he could explain all this," hinted Clara.

"Explain? I warrant you he can. He can explain anything with that smooth tongue of his. Why, he could prove that he wasn't in the crowd at all if he chose to."

With such conversation as this, Wells sought to raise in his daughter's mind a repugnance to Harry Temple. He spoke of his own sufferings, of his foul dishonor, of the taunts and jeers of the mob. He depicted the horrible scene where he had been tarred and feathered, till his daughter wept in pity.

No wonder then that her father's words convinced her of Harry's guilt. What else could she think?

Thus these two lovers went on the weary road, filled with thoughts which were at once the most tender and most indignant. Each one felt outraged at the other's conduct, and yet each one at that very moment would have died to save the other.

At the head of his band Temple rode silently and sternly on. When they halted to refresh or rest, he devoted himself to the care of the horses, the arms, and the baggage. When again they resumed their journey he went to his former position, and relapsed into his former mood.

At length they came to the River Hudson, where there were boats in which they were to ascend the remainder of the way.

Harry Temple entered one boat with his men, and the travellers entered another, and thus they went up the river. Harry sat in the stern, and his boat led the way. He scarcely turned his head once.

Bitter were his thoughts. And this was the journey from which he had hoped so much. What would it avail him, now that she was so near to him. Better would it be if they were a thousand miles apart.

He determined to forget her; but still, as he drove her from his mind, his wandering thoughts would fly back again and hover around the dear object.

They were frequently stopped. Boats sometimes put out from the shore, at other times guns were fired to warn them to land and give an account of themselves. Harry's attention was taken up with these incidents, so that this part of the journey was more endurable than the former part.

At length they arrived within sight of their destination. It was with feelings half of pleasure and half of pain that Harry saw West Point. He would now be free from the distress of witnessing Clara's coldness; but he would no longer have the pleasure of guarding her, and knowing that she was near.

As they rowed in toward the shore, the current caught Harry's boat and brought it close up alongside of the other. Clara was sitting so that, at this moment, Harry was brought up to her so closely that their shoulders touched. Her hand was on the side of the boat. As Harry saw her he thought of nothing else. Their eyes met. They looked at one another as though they would read each other's souls; and in the eyes of each there glowed undying love—love beyond the utterance of words—love stronger than death.

At that moment Clara thought not of his fancied treachery; she only saw in him the man whom her heart adored.

And Harry forgot all else. Almost unconsciously he reached out his hand to hers, he touched it, he grasped it lightly—that little hand—and a thrill flashed like lightning from heart to heart.

It was like a dream.

The next moment the boats were drifted asunder, and a few minutes after they touched the shore.

Clara, disturbed and overcome, did not dare to look around again; and Harry, seeing her resume her old restraint, relapsed likewise into his reserve.

The ladies, with Mr. Wells and the attendants, stopped at "Robinson's," but Harry and the men went further on.

Clara was worn out by fatigue, but much more so by the guard which she had been forced to keep over herself during the journey.

As soon as they arrived, she sought her room, where she flung herself upon the bed, and sought relief in a passion of tears.

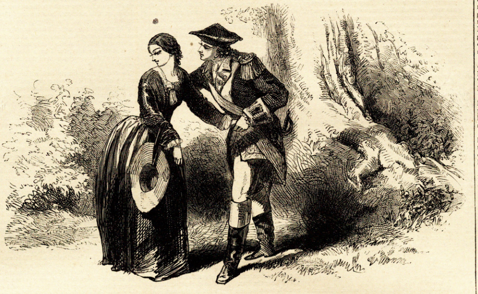
Uly was near her.

"My poor child, you are distressed," said Uly, who always called her by this name.

"Oh, Uly!" was all that Clara could say.

"Come, child," said Uly, with tremulous tones and a strange, yearning look in her eyes. "Come, child, lay your head against me. Come."

Clara allowed her nurse to draw her to her bosom. Then this mysterious old woman smoothed her hair, and talked in a strange, wandering way.



THE EXPLANATION.

"My lamb, my love, my child, I have heard what they have all said. Oh, my lamb, don't believe them. They are all lies, all lies."

"Uly!" exclaimed Clara, "whom do you mean?"

"My child's noble lover, the young officer, and he's the truest heart that lives."

"Oh, Uly, Uly!"

"I know what your father says."

"Oh, Uly—and isn't it true?"

"No, no; all lies, lies, lies," murmured Uly. "Ah! I know your father—I know him."

"Oh, Uly Tell me—who saved my life?"

"The brave young officer. He risked his own. He saved you. I know all. He wandered through the house calling you. Those who were there have told me. At last he found you in the inner cellar, and came forth all scorched and burning, but with his dear love unharmed."

"Oh, I knew it!" cried Clara, clasping her hands, and falling upon Uly's neck in a passion of tears.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MIDNIGHT PLOT.

Temple could not escape from the deep grief that distressed his soul. He longed to see Clara. He could not endure this silent estrangement that had sprung up between them. If they had only had a quarrel about some definite thing, he would have known how to bear it; but this mysterious coldness and silence was more than he could endure.

One week passed, and another, and another followed, but the tormenting fears that racked his soul deepened in their power. There was neither rest nor respite for him.

At last his patience was utterly exhausted.

"I must see her!" he cried; "I must speak with her. What need I care for old Wells's prohibition? I will go boldly and see Clara, and hear from her own lips my sentence. Then suspense at least will be over."

But then pride interposed. "No; why should I see her? If she would not speak to me on the journey, is it probable that she will speak now? It is not.

"But I must see her. I cannot live without a sight of that darling face. How she looked at me in the boat, when I caught her dear hand, and that thrill flashed through my being!"

His mind was made up. He would go and see her.

He waited till night, and then taking a boat, he dropped down the river till he reached the shore in front of Arnold's house. Then disembarking, he walked up toward the place and went round it, looking up at the windows and wondering in which room she was. He could see through the windows and nets into the house, but the only person whom he could see in the parlor was Mrs. Arnold.

"There is grief, deep grief in that heart," said he, as he looked upon the melancholy face of the general's lovely wife.

He entered the garden in the rear of the house, and seated himself upon a rustic bench. Then he climbed a tree, hoping to catch a glimpse of Clara. He felt that it was rather a dishonorable thing, but he was desperate, and his soul yearned to see that loved face again.

Soon he heard footsteps and voices.

He started.

They advanced toward the tree. Soon two persons came to view. It was too late for him to come down. He was forced to remain where he was.

He heard their words quite plainly. Shame filled his mind at thus being a listener to the confidences of others, but he could not help it now.

"Communication is easier now than it was," said one.

At the voice Harry started.

It was Benedict Arnold.

"Yes," said another, whom Harry recognized as Wells. "Gondo has done well. What is his arrangement?"

"His thirty Indians are scattered at different points between here and New York. A message is carried from one to another, until, in an incredibly short space of time, it reaches its destination."

"It would be terrible if one were caught."

"No."

"Why not?"

"The message would not be found."

"How could he destroy it?"

"He will eat it," said Arnold.

"A good precaution."

"We cannot be too careful."

Here the voices died away in the distance, but soon they came up again, for the two men were walking up and down the garden path.

"The road is swarming with rebels, and the river, too," said Wells. "It's as much as a man's life is worth to try to get to New York."

"Imitate my example."

"How?"

"You know Gustavus is merely a business man, and his letters are model business letters. So are the epistles of Mr. John Anderson."

"Well?"

"Well, you must be a business man, too. No one would ever mistake you for a soldier—ha, ha!"

"No—that's a fact."

"You need not carry anything with you, you know."

"I have it—I know how to ensure my safety."

"How?"

"I will take Clara. They will see an old man taking a young girl down the river, and they will let two such harmless travellers pass."

"Americans will, but you cannot be certain of the other side."

"I only fear Americans."

"But Clara has need to fear the British."

"Oh, so long as *I* get through safely, I don't mind about *her*."

"What!" cried Arnold.

Harry felt a suffocation in his throat, and his brain reeled at this open profession of the wickedness of this hoary-headed villain.

The conversation again died away in the distance. Harry sat there overcome with amazement and horror. He saw plainly that between these men and the enemy there was correspondence.

"On the whole, then," said Arnold, again coming near, "I think you had better start to-morrow."

"Well, if you say so."

"And I think your daughter may as well go; it will ensure safety, at least among our people, who alone are to be dreaded."

"Well."

"Haste is necessary. The blow must be struck soon, if at all."

"True."

"Washington is suspicious, though not of me. He knows that there are traitors somewhere."

"It is almost time," said Wells, with a sneer.

"I should feel safer if he were in ignorance a little longer."

"You are fortunate in keeping it quiet so long."

"Keeping it quiet! Why, for what else are secrets made?"

"Nothing else; but they are generally found out."

"You will find it convenient to remain in New York when you get there."

"Yes. By the way, do not forget to dispose of this troublesome character."

"Who?"

"Temple."

At the mention of his name Harry started.

"Yes—that man must be got out of the way at all hazards."

"And the sooner the better."

"I can attend to him at once."

"Do so, then, by all means."

"I can send him down the river to-morrow to Washington with dispatches."

"And how will you prevent him from returning?"

"Gondo can attend to that."

"Ah, true. At some particular spot his men can attack this fellow, and put him out of the way forever. You will be rid of a troublesome obstacle, and I will be gratified by the punishment of a man whom I detest."

Again the conversation became inaudible. Temple began to thank Heaven for the lucky chance that had brought him there. He shuddered at the fearful developments that had been made, whose vague and unknown nature seemed to him pregnant with infinite danger to himself and his country.

That Arnold was false to his country was plain to him; but how, or in what way, he did not know, for all the conversation had been carried on in generalities, with no mention of names or persons in particular.

Again the speakers moved near.

"Everything," said Arnold, "is developing itself well. My projects are advancing. The time will soon be here when the final touch shall be given. Then the mine shall be sprung, to the terror, the consternation, of all, and the ruin of my enemies. Woe to those who have crossed my path! Woe to those who have lavished scorn and ignominy upon me!"

"I long for the day. For this I have been laboring and plotting through four weary years," responded Wells.

"You will see it soon."

"I hope so. But—it is getting late, and I must attend to some duties. We will meet again early in the morning."

"Yes."

"Don't forgot that young wretch, Temple."

"No."

"Good night."

"Good night."

They separated, and soon all was still. Temple descended from his perch, and went back to his quarters in a state of mind difficult to be described.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

Harry Temple did not close his eyes that night. Burdened with a thousand conflicting thoughts and emotions, he lay tossing in his bed, and resolved in his mind the best course for him to take under the terrible circumstances.

The worst of it was, there was nothing definite in the revelations that had been made except their intentions regarding himself. There was treason on foot—treason deep, dark and hideous, in which the great Arnold was deeply involved. From that man's genius, and aspiring but unscrupulous character, he knew that the worst must be expected. He knew that if this man plotted against his country, the peril was great indeed. They spoke also of the necessity of haste. Haste! There was indeed no time to be lost, but measures must be taken at once or never, to guard against the danger.

But how could they guard against it? What was to be guarded against? Where was the danger to come from?

Suppose that he communicated his suspicions to the Commander-in-chief—after all, they were only suspicions. Could a man like Arnold be arrested from his testimony, or from his suspicions? It was hardly possible.

Then, again, there was another course open to him: He might tell everything to Washington. But in that case he would have to tell about his attachment to Clara, their estrangement, his grief, his despair, his attempt to see her, his climbing a tree to look into her window. Could a man of honor make such a revelation as that about himself? Could he make such a disclosure as this to a man like Washington? Rather would he endure everything than confess all this. And how would he appear?—a confessed eavesdropper, and meddler, and base pryer into private windows—what would his word be worth in a court martial?

They would more likely dismiss him from the service than accept his testimony against Arnold. He would become infamous among his fellow officers.

He found, therefore, that, although this frightful danger was known to him, he was forced to keep it a secret.

But there were other things which he had heard there, which concerned himself, and roused him to action.

Clara was going to New York, with a wretch who disgraced the name of father, and openly announced his indifference to her safety. He was taking her merely as a protection to himself, and was ready to sacrifice her to any danger so long as he himself might escape unharmed.

There, at least, he could act. He knew some bold spirits in the neighborhood, who would readily follow wherever he led. He determined to take these men, and sail down the river after Wells, until they had reached a place of safety. Once within the British military line, they were safe. Their real danger existed in the country that lay between the American and British outposts, where bands of marauders were constantly passing to and fro.

Thus he could ensure the safety of Clara, and since he could no longer have any interviews with her, it was sweet to think that he would be her guardian and protector to a place of safety.

Finally, there was his own danger. The hostility of Wells was now palpable, and this he seemed to find a sufficient reason for Clara's strange behavior. He thought perhaps that her father, by means of terrific threats, had forced her to refrain from holding any intercourse with him. The more he thought of this, the more probable did it seem. He could not forget the glance which she had given him, nor the thrill of her unresisting hand as he had seized it for a moment. These things were treasured up in his heart, and proved that Clara loved him. Her father was the real cause of all this trouble, Clara herself was evidently unchanged, and, perhaps, he dared to think, was now as unhappy as he himself. Anger against her vanished, and pity took its place, and returning love, devoid of suspicion, now reasserted supremacy over his heart.

Whatever message Arnold might give him he would take, but he would also take his company of men with him. They would enable him to protect Clara, and also defend him from the danger which was prepared for him.

His thoughts reverted also to Gondo, but he never imagined what a prominent part this man bore in these proceedings. The allusion which had been made to Gondo's Indians he did not fully understand. He only saw that Gondo was implicated in this plot.

Amid his trouble of mind one great thought stood out prominently, and that was, that Clara was going away, perhaps forever—when might he hope to see her again? She was going among the British in New York, and there she would remain, in a city to which he could not hope to go. Should she remain there how could he meet her. The end of the war seemed remote. It might continue for a life time. The present generation might not see its end. The departure of Clara for the British lines seemed to him like an eternal separation.

"Oh!" he cried, in his deep distress, "if we could but exchange farewells—if we could but hear the sound of each other's voices once more. Then I could wait in hope for years, but now how can I bear to have her go?"

All seemed dark before his soul. Blighted hope, and disappointed love, and the gloomy prospect of coming separation, united to cast him down. Before this last blow all past troubles seemed as nothing.

Thus the night passed. The difficulties before him seemed insuperable. He could only come to the conclusion to trust to the chapter of accidents, and drift on wherever fate should bear him.

If Harry Temple was thus disturbed Clara was none the less troubled. Uly's words remained fixed in her heart, and day and night she appeared in her own eyes as the basest and most ungrateful of mortals. She could no longer ignore the fact that Harry had actually saved her from death. Whether he had raised the crowd or not was now forgotten. His supposed vengeance on her father became less heinous in her eyes. She thought only of one thing, and that was, that she had repaid the highest devotion with the coldest neglect.

On the morning after the conversation in the garden her father came to see her.

"Clara," said he, "I'm going to New York, and I wish you to come with me."

"New York?"

"Yes."

"To-day?"

"Yes."

"Will we stay long?"

"It will be our home for the present, at least—and perhaps for the remainder of our lives."

Clara's soul sank within her. She said not a word, however.

At that moment Uly entered.

"Uly," said Clara, "we are going to New York."

"New York," cried Uly quickly, darting a look at Clara's father.

The latter looked at Uly with a strange glance. Wonder and doubt and fear all started upon his face. Finally he looked away and pressed his hand to his brow. Then he looked at Uly again, and again looked away. Uly calmly stood waiting for orders, while Clara was amazed at her father's actions.

"Most unaccountable," muttered Wells, at last. "Pooh, it can't be—I'm getting as nervous as a girl."

"What is unaccountable father?" said Clara, on whom nothing of this had been lost.

Her father did not reply.

"Nothing child," said Uly. "Your father says he's as nervous as a girl. Come, if you are going, tell me what to do." She spoke this in her usual drawling Indian tone, and moved to the door.

Wells looked after her, and did not seem altogether reassured, however he finally recovered his usual calmness.

"Is not this sudden father?"

"Why so?"

"I thought we were going to remain here."

"This is not our home. We only made a visit here. We must have a home Clara."

Clara was silent.

"Since the mob destroyed our happy and pleasant home in Philadelphia, we will have to get another, and I choose to go where there is law, and order, and protection for property—under the flag of old England, and the sceptre of King George."

He ended this with a kind of flourish in his tone, that proved his joy at the idea of getting among the English once more.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### TEMPLE AND ARNOLD.

Early in the morning Temple had received a message from Arnold requesting him to go over there. He was quite prepared for this; and anxious to be out of some of his suspense, he hurried off.

Arnold was alone.

He greeted Temple politely and cordially. His whole manner showed an elation which he took no pains to suppress.

"Ah!" thought Harry, "all is going well with his schemes."

Long—long after, he remembered Arnold's exultant air and tone.

Temple inquired after the latest news.

"It is encouraging," said Arnold, with a radiant smile. "The French are making advances, and the work of co-operation goes rapidly forward. When once the forces combine, the country will be saved."

"Saved!" exclaimed Temple. "That is a blessed hope for our beloved country."

"Yes—my young friend. You will soon see it beyond the reach of further evil. A strong government will bless it, and a contented and happy people will inhabit it."

"I am glad indeed that the prospects are so encouraging—I feared that they were gloomy"

"Oh no."

"And yet," said Temple, "it was only yesterday that some one told me about some spies that had been captured."

"Spies!" cried Arnold, with a slight start.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Down the river."

"Of what side?"

"Our side captured them."

"Was anything disclosed?"

"Nothing except the presence of some mysterious conspiracy. But it cannot be told who are the principals, nor is it known what the definite objects are."

Temple alluded to the secret which he himself had overheard, but of course the other did not understand this.

Arnold looked at him with keen scrutiny.

"A conspiracy!" he repeated.

"Yes."

"Are any suspected?"

"O, different people are named, but there is no proof. It is nothing stronger than conjecture—and, for that matter, conjecture may fasten on Washington himself."

"So it may—so it may People get into panics at every new revelation. They lose control of their faculties, and suspect all, indiscriminately."

"If the guilty man should be found," said Temple, "he will meet with little mercy."

"That is true."

"A traitor is detested more than a murderer, or a thief," said Temple. "And no wonder; for at such a time as this, when all the country is fighting for liberty, and men are shedding their blood like water, what can be worse than to betray these noble souls?"

"And yet these 'noble souls,'" said Arnold, with a perceptible sneer, are all considered as traitors' by the British. In their eyes you and I are 'traitors;' and even the illustrious Washington is seldom mentioned by any other name than that of the 'arch rebel.' Traitor is a relative term."

"But there is a vast difference between fighting for liberty and betraying it."

"Liberty—that is another word that is misused," said Arnold. "The British pride themselves on their liberty as much as we, and fight for it as earnestly."

"In America, at least, they do not fight for it."

"Do they fight against it?"

"Certainly."

"Now they say that they fight for true liberty, and order, and law, and right. They say that we fight from evil motives—that we are traitors to the king and our other fellow subjects. The fact is, we are really fighting for Independence, not for Liberty—and in proportion as Independence is desirable, so is our cause laudable.

"Of course," continued Arnold, "among the vulgar, I join in the common cry, and shout for liberty with the best of them; but you are a man of education, and we can speak freely."

"Nevertheless," said Temple, "there is such a thing as Liberty, and I am fighting for it. I believe, also, that there are such things as Treason, and Virtue, and Patriotism, and Treachery."

"Certainly there are," said Arnold, carelessly. "But now to business. I have a dispatch, which I wish you to hand to Washington. He is at King's Bridge. I wish you to start this morning, and as soon as you can. Go over to the other side of the river, and go down by land."

"Is it not better to go in a boat?"

"No," said Arnold. "A boat is not fast enough. Besides, you have to make longer stoppages, when examined by the guards. Go by land, and make haste."

So saying, he handed Temple a package.

Temple took it and rose.

"You may have some little difficulty," said Arnold, "but a brave soldier like yourself knows what to do."

"Oh, yes."

"Adieu," said Temple, extending his hand.

"Adieu, and God bless you."

"God bless me!" repeated Temple, as he left the house, "the double-tongued, perjured and black-hearted traitor! He sends me away to death with a false smile on his lips, and a treacherous word in his mouth!"

He walked sadly out and thought of Clara.

"Ah, why does she not show her face!" he murmured. "Still cruel and relentless!"

He walked on, often turning, but saw no signs.

There was a little grove at the foot of the lane that led to the house. It bordered the shore. Through this Temple passed.

Scarcely had he entered it than a cry escaped him.

There, full before him, with face suffused with a crimson blush, and eyes that looked imploringly, longingly, lovingly at him, with hand half-extended, and trembling with deep agitation, there stood his dear love—his adored Clara.

With a cry of joy he caught her in his arms.

Not a word was spoken for some time.

"I am going to New York," murmured Clara, trying to disengage herself, "and I saw you, and I could not go without saying good-bye, for we may never meet again."

"Oh, Clara, what have I done that you should turn from me?"

"Alas! do not ask me; I owe you a great debt. You saved my life."

"Hush! do not speak of that. Why did you shun me on the journey? Why did you refuse to look at me?"

Clara trembled, and murmured inaudible words. She could not utter the charges that had been made against him.

"If you had but looked at me," cried Temple, mournfully, "it would have been enough; but how could you torture me?"

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" faltered Clara.

"I have nothing to forgive. I could lay down my life for you. I am yours in life, and for evermore. Do you doubt me? Have you lost faith in me?"

Clara sighed.

"Oh, speak! If you have, say so, and let me know the worst. What is the cause of your change? Once you met me frankly and fairly, and did not shun me——"

"I do not shun you now," murmured the lovely girl, smiling through her tears.

"Let all be forgotten. I ask no more. I will not think that you ever shunned me. This moment repays me for all my sorrow."

In deep confusion, frightened at her boldness, and afraid of discovery, the fair girl looked around like a startled dove, and tried to go.

"Oh, not yet—not yet."

"They wait for me in the house," said Clara, with quivering lip.

"I will not pain you by detaining you," said Harry, sadly.

"We will never meet again," said Clara, mournfully.

"We *will!*" cried Harry, vehemently. "Now you are mine I will seek you to the end of the world! You are mine! and we *will* meet again!"

"Forgive me," said Clara, softly. "Oh, think kindly of me when I am away."

"Oh, you are never out of my thoughts, and my heart beats only for you! Will you think of me till I see you again?"

Clara looked timidly upward—her eyes expressed all that was in her heart.

"There—there—I must go."

"Farewell—oh, farewell!"

"Farewell!"

Hurried words were exchanged, and tender farewells were given, and these two fond hearts tore themselves asunder.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE FIGHT AND CAPTIVITY.

If Harry had determined to follow Clara down the river before, he was more determined than ever now after the sweet interview at the gate. His step was light, his eye radiant, and all was changed. He troubled himself no more with conjecturing the cause of Clara's coldness during the journey. To his frank and loyal heart it was enough that she showed herself true at last. Enough that he had received her farewell kiss, and heard her murmur soft words of love.

His men were all ready at a short notice. They were sturdy farmers, young, brave, and mighty with sword and rifle.

Long and anxiously he delayed, until at last he had the satisfaction of seeing Clara's boat put off from the landing, and sail down the stream. There were only four in the boat—Clara, her servant, her father, and a boatman.

Harry had eight men with him, and his boat was a strong and swift one. Hoisting the huge sail, they were soon sweeping gallantly down the river, and came rapidly up to Wells's boat.

That gentleman recognized them at once, but did not deign to take the slightest notice of them. At times, however, Harry was rewarded with a glance from Clara—half mournful, half happy.

Harry did not for one moment think of obeying Arnold's orders about his route. It was very insubordinate, mutinous, and unmilitary on his part, but he considered that his knowledge of Arnold's design on his life absolved him from all obedience. So he never wasted another thought on the subject.

He did not wish to annoy Wells, so he kept at a respectable distance, hovering about, shifting his sails, passing over from shore to shore, and never losing sight of a slender form in the stern of Wells's boat, which was his dearest earthly treasure.

They were often challenged. The banks of the river were watchfully guarded, as was all the country on both sides. They gave satisfactory answers, showed their passes when necessary, and were allowed to go in peace.

So they went down the river. Hour after hour passed away, and still they sailed on, past lofty banks with precipitous sides and distant heights, and forests and groves; past lower lands where the rich borders of the river came with a gentle descent down to meet the water, all clothed in richest verdure; now floating onward by wooded islands that were decked with rich shrubs and gay flowers; anon shooting over the wide bosom of the river far across to the opposite shore.

On one of these passages across, Harry looked back and saw a startling sight.

Two large boats were rapidly sailing toward the little vessel of Wells, which was floating on far away on the other side of the river.

In a moment Harry turned his boat, and was pushing across.

The other boats drew nearer, and from the threatening gestures of their crews, they evidently came with hostile intent.

It was a terrible moment.

The other boats were nearer, but Harry's was the swiftest sailer. There was a chance that he might be over in time, and yet, if the wind should fail him, he could do nothing.

As to the numbers of the opponents, he thought nothing of that, although they were at least twice as many as his crew.

Nearer and nearer they drew, till Harry could see Clara's pale face and beseeching eyes, and Wells's coward figure crouching and shivering in abject fear.

"Now, boys, be ready, and don't fire till I tell you."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Nearer and yet nearer they came. Hurrah! Harry's boat had far outsailed the others, and now reached a spot between them and their prey.

"Who are you?" cried Harry.

"Surrender!" roared the others.

In those days there was no standing on ceremony.

Harry's men all had their guns levelled, and each one covered his man before their leader had spoken.

"Surrender!" roared the other men, "or we'll sink you."

"Fire!" shouted Harry, and quick as lightning he discharge his brace of pistols. Eight reports followed instantly. Eight wild screams of agony rose in the air, and both boats were filled with wounded, and struggling, and writhing men.

At the moment when Harry had discharged his pistols, he headed his boat directly upon the broadside of the nearest of his opponents.

It struck with a dull crash.

The next moment the boat reeled, filled, and all her crew were struggling in the water.

So quickly had all this been done that it seemed the work of a moment. The crew of the other boat were in wild confusion. One or two were dead, others were wounded, and the remainder were confounded.

Upon this boat Temple now urged his own to sink her. But the helmsman of the other was too quick for him. Bringing his own boat round he headed away for the shore.

But Temple was close upon them, and soon caught up. There was no escape. His crew could have conquered two such boat loads with ease, even if they had all been strong, but half of these were wounded.

The men surrendered.

Harry found out that they were a band of robbers, for they first swore that they were Americans, and afterwards British. At first Temple thought of hanging them—then of drowning them—but finally he concluded to send them up to West Point as prisoners.

The men of the first boat had clung to the wreck or swam. These were picked up one by one, and pinioned. All the men, bound tightly, were then put on board of their boat, and Temple sent two of his crew to take them up the river.

He then insisted that Wells should sail closely to his boat, so as to avoid danger, a proposal which Wells was only too eager to accept.

. But now just as they had begun to resume their journey, another danger arose.

Rounding a point of land immediately before them a schooner came along. It was a war vessel, and from its peak there waved the flag of England.

Temple looked up in dismay.

"We're lost!" cried the crew.

"Overboard with you," cried Harry, "and save yourselves."

The men obeyed, and leaping into the river, they swam ashore.

The schooner now saw them, and fired a gun. They moved up without delay. Escape was hopeless.

"Hurrah!" cried Wells, as he climbed the vessel's side. "Hip, hip, hurrah! Once more I am beneath the flag of Old England!"

"Who are you?" asked a gentlemanly young officer.

"O. B. Wells, of Philadelphia—a Loyalist who has had the honor of being tarred and feathered for his Majesty."

"But this is a different sort of person," said the officer, pointing to Harry.

"I, sir," said Harry, "am Captain Harry Temple of the Continental Army."

Clara and her father were safe from the reach of danger now, but he who had rescued them was—a prisoner of war!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

## TROUBLING THE WATERS.

The fowling-piece is or ought to be silent at this season, for most of the game birds of the present year are as yet too young for the table, and the feathered elders, lean and exhausted with parental cares, are not worth powder and shot, even if it were not worse than heathenish to destroy them before their tender brood are capable of catering for themselves. But the sportsman can fall back upon his rod and line, while his double-barrel rests in its case, and his pointers and setters wax fat and lazy in their kennels. The brook-trout, in full condition, with his silver and purple suit bedropped as with scarlet sealing-wax, now lies in wait in the deep holes of the mountain streams for whatever insects and grubs it may please Providence to send him; and he will seize an impaled worm or a counterfeit fly, dexterously set before him, as greedily as an emigrant-runner on the watch for prey pounces upon a promising subject. The parallel, however, holds good no farther, for the trout is hauled up and the land-shark usually escapes scot-free.

## THE POT OF GOLD.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Some eighteen years ago, I was playing with my doll upon the grass-plat behind our house, when the sky, that had been so bright all the afternoon, suddenly clouded over, and a great drop of rain fell upon my dolly's nose. Another and another followed, and hearing my aunt's voice calling me from the window, I heaped up my playthings in my little black wooden chair, and ran with it in my arms to a back entry, which was my own peculiar province upon rainy days. Scarcely had I reached this shelter before a long, low roll of thunder boomed behind "Mount Peg," and the great drops came pattering down upon the dusty road, and the green grass, that seemed to lift itself up to meet the shower. There was only that one peal, and suddenly, during that strange silence that always follows a hasty shower, the sun broke out again, and I saw a rainbow—the most beautiful one in the world—spanning the whole town like a triumphal arch. In those days I could do nothing quietly, and my noisy joy soon brought my old nurse into the passage to see what could ail me.

"Mercy on me! Is the child crazy?" she exclaimed, when she saw me dancing about the floor and clapping my hands.

"Oh, nurse! oh, nurse! Don't be cross—but just look out there. It is the most beau-ti-ful——"

"Oh, yes; I dare say, everything is always beautiful with you. I don't see anything but a rainbow."

My countenance fell wofully, and I stood still and watched her tying on the blue-checked apron I had nearly pulled in pieces in my zeal. "Only a rainbow?" Was it nothing wonderful after all, that fairy-like image of the promise of God? I tried her on another tack.

"You know there was a rainbow in the Bible, nurse?"

"To be sure I do, child. But this is not the same one. I hope you know that?" and she looked at me curiously.

"Of course," I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Humph! Well—what crotchet have you got into your head about it. I hope you are not going to make any Pilgrim's Progress work now?"

I colored up to my hair, for I knew only too well what she was smiling at—an odd freak of the year before, of which I began to fear I should never hear the last. I had been reading in that notable book of the mark set in the foreheads of the Pilgrims; and seeing none in mine, I tried, by the aid of my toilet mirror, and a coarse lead pencil, to make one there. But in spite of all my endeavors I could not make it straight; and my nurse found me on the floor crying bitterly, because I should never be saved. A good lesson might have been drawn out of that incident for my young mind, but they preferred laughing at it. It was a sore subject; and when my nurse broached it that day, I would not answer, but turned away and looked at the rainbow.

It was fading gradually; it changed visibly before my eyes, as a dolphin is said to do when dying. My nurse, thinking it best to make amends for her roughness, looked at it with a little interest now, and nodding her head sagely, said—

"Ah, if I could only find it!"

"Find what, nurse?"

"The pot of gold."

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, turning round to look her full in the face.

"I thought you had heard that story. Your head is always full of all sorts of things, except your lessons. I have heard people say, and learned people too, that a pot of gold is always lying where the rainbow rests. *That* is over Mount Peg, isn't it now?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, on the other side, maybe half a mile below the top, you may be sure that there is a pot of gold waiting quietly for any one who will come and get it. Good half-eagles and eagles. I wish I was there now."

"Nurse! nurse!" called my aunt from the dining-room, and she hurried away and left me standing with my eyes fixed on the faint, variegated light.

A pot of gold! What would it not bring? I could lay aside my doll (I had never liked to play with her very much), and get a jet-black horse, with a long mane and tail, and a white star in his forehead; I could have a dog who would "shake hands," and "speak," and fetch and carry, and do everything but talk; I could have a pet lamb, and no end of fairy tales with pictures, to say nothing of fruit and confectionary and cakes from the grocer's shop up town. Then I would buy my guardian a new edition of Dr. Chalmer's works, and my aunt should have all the new patterns for worsted work; my cousin Sarah should be presented with the most elegant hat and plumes conceivable, a ball dress, and four boxes of white kid gloves—while Laura, oh she should go and live with me in some beautiful little cottage in the woods, filled with pictures, books, and flowers, and run about in the open air all day, and see me ride the black horse, and play with the black dog. I would give my nurse a pair of gold spectacles, and a black satin gown; and all the children at school should come and see me in my cottage—even Mary Mower, who had played me many a shabby trick, and whom I fancied, sometimes, I hated. I could do all these pleasant things, if I only had the pot of gold. And what was to hinder me from going for it?

I went and peeped in at the dining-room door. My aunt was in deep consultation with the cook, (we were to have a dinner party that day,) and the nurse had been taken into their confidence. My guardian was busy in the library, my cousin Laura writing in her own room, and Sarah sacrificing to the graces up stairs. The doors of the kitchen were closed between me and the servants—never was a coast more clear. I took my little school pencil from my pocket, and writing on a slip of paper, "I have gone after the pot of gold, nurse. Don't tell my aunt till I get home, and I will give you the handsomest present you ever had in your life." I pinned it to dolly's dress, and laid her with my other playthings carefully away in the corner of the hall appropriated to my use. I pulled the paper up in sight the last thing I did, and then snatching up my sunbonnet from its nail, stole out through the kitchen garden, and past the stables, and so out by a little private door into the village street.

Now I had a "double" in the village—a girl one year my senior, and my firm friend, without whom I should never have thought of undertaking any journey, much less such a one as this. Her name was Maria, and she lived in a brown cottage close by the bridge. I was wondering how I should find her without attracting her mother's attention, when I heard my name called in a pleasant voice, as I stood looking into the swift water, and leaning over. I saw her sitting under the willows on the bank, fishing for minnows with a crooked stick, a piece of twine, and a bent pin skeewered through a piece of fat pork. Her cousin Robert was with her. He was a pretty delicate-looking boy of seven, with fair hair and large blue eyes. I had always thought him far beyond the boys of our town, because he came from Connecticut, and was a minister's son, and spoke so gently to us girls, to say nothing of the pretty cap he wore, and the wonderful black ribbon that tied his collar. He was fond of me, too; he had given me a needle-case made by his own hands, with my name on one side and his on the other, and though from all appearances he seemed far more likely to use it than I, I prized it as if it had been made out of precious stones, and would scarcely let any one look at it, lest it should come to harm. So it may easily be imagined how glad I was to see Robert with Maria.

I told them the story of the pot of gold. The rainbow had quite faded out of the sky, but they had seen, as well as I, that it rested just between the two great elms on the top of Mount Peg. They were only too glad to go with me, and Robert ran to get some stout beech sticks for us to lean on, as we went up the mountain. I can see, at this moment, how we crept through the back streets of the village, lest any one should want to stop us, and how eagerly we began to climb when we once stood at the foot of the brown hill. But God help me! I cannot laugh at the memory, for I have been on many a worse wild-goose chase than that in my later years!

To stout young hearts and willing feet, the scaling of a hill is a mere pastime. We had climbed Mount Peg "many a time and oft" for the blackberries that grew upon its summit, and we knew a winding path that saved much time and hard work. So that when we stood beneath the two elm trees to rest, and look down for a moment upon the busy town, the sun was just resting upon the crest of Mount Tom opposite, and the church clocks were striking six.

"We shall have plenty of time," said Robert, wiping his forehead with a delicate cambric handkerchief, "and won't they be surprised when they see us coming back at dusk with the pot of gold between us. How warm you look, May."

And no wonder. For I had rushed up the mountain at a headlong speed, and arrived under the elm trees ten minutes sooner than they. Now as I sat upon the ground panting and fanning myself, with my heart beating a perfect jig in my bosom, certain dark forebodings began to take possession of my mind. My nurse had plainly said "half a mile *below* the top," and the ground, instead of sloping down from the trees, stretched out in a level table-land till it was lost at a distance in a gloomy-looking forest, the home (I was very sure) of the wolf that ate little Red Riding Hood, and of many other beasts equally false and terrible. I never could enter that forest, though fifty pots of gold were waiting for me. But I said nothing of all this to my companions.

On the contrary, I talked largely of the presents we would buy for our friends, and the plum jam we would eat that night on our bread and butter; and having rested, we marched confidently away, stick in hand, and all abreast, towards the distant woods. Maria sang gaily as she went, and Robert joined now and then, but I fancied he was a little troubled as well as myself. I heard the seven o'clock bells from the village before we got half way across the plain, but I said nothing; I was determined to go on till I had found *something*. All at once Maria stopped her singing and looked around her.

"Well, what is it?" asked Robert.

"It is growing dark, and I can see no pot of gold. I think we had better go back and come again to-morrow."

"Nonsense. If we do not go on and get it to-night, it will be gone in the morning," I said, boldly inventing a theory to keep her quiet.

"Oh, but I am tired and hungry."

"Well never mind for a little while longer," said Robert, gently. "We can run down the mountain, you know, and then *won't* they all be pleased to see us? Such a supper as we shall get!"

It was all in vain though. We plodded along heavily, and were fast nearing those lonely woods. I was just about to propose a return when the gray twilight grew dark; there was a livid streak of lightning in the sky, and then a crash as if heaven and earth had come together.

"Oh, mother, mother!" screamed Maria. "Oh, I wish I was at home. We shall all be killed, I know we shall."

She sat down on the ground and cried. Robert and I looked at each other confusedly. We were "in a pickle," sure enough, and the rain began to fall.

"We must get somewhere out of it," I said, and looking anxiously around, I saw a low-roofed hut standing on the edge of the pine woods, a wretched, tumble-down little place; I was sure it was haunted, but I did not care for that just then. I pointed it out to Robert, and he coaxed Maria to her feet again, and we all ran towards it. There was one window at the side, but the glass had been shivered from the frame, the door was shut, and two heavy sticks leaned against it. We did not try to move them, but Robert crept in at the window, and helped us in after him. By the faint light we saw that the place consisted of only one room, without any furniture except a rusty stove that stood in one corner. The remains of a garden and stable were outside, and the gloomy pine forest moaned behind. I think I have never seen a more dismal place.

We sat down on the floor—without daring to explore much—where we could get a faint gleam of light from the window. Maria laid her head in my lap and sobbed and cried until she fell asleep. But Robert sat beside me with his arm around my waist, and my hand in his. We were only too glad to cling to each other, poor little wretches that we were; for all the tales of ghosts and goblins we had ever heard, came crowding into our minds, and kept us from following Maria's example. I saw more faces looking at me in that dark night than I care to say, and heard voices calling me in all directions, and in unearthly tones; so did Robert too I am persuaded—but we said nothing of it at all to each other. Meanwhile the rain came pouring down, and the pines creaked upon the roof—ha! I think I hear them now, and I wonder within myself what would tempt me to keep such a vigil as that was, in these my maturer years—now that I have lost the innocent childish heart that was my greatest safeguard then!

At last my straining eyes closed—my head sank on Robert's shoulder, and I suppose I dozed and dreamed, for just as I had found the pot of gold, and had stooped to lift it, I was aroused by a shake and a whisper.

"What is it?" I asked drowsily, and then I felt Robert trembling and was broad awake in a moment.

"What is it, Robert? Have you seen anything?"

"Hush—don't wake Maria. I have not seen anything, but I have heard something twice."

"What was it like?"

"It was outside. Mary do you think there are any wild beasts around here?"

"Oh don't ask me," I exclaimed, shuddering from head to foot. "I dare say there are. Why?"

"Hark!"

I clung to him, quite sick with terror, and a loud cry rang over the hill. But it did not sound like a lion or a wolf—it was like a human voice and this frightened me more.

"It is a cat-a-mountain Robert—she cries like that to bring people near her. I have heard my guardian say so—and if we go out, she will eat us up."

"Are you sure? Listen once more."

And again the cry came through the storm, but this time nearer and plainer.

"Hill-oa! Mary! Rob-ert! Ma-ria!"

"Oh it is the people—they have come after us!" I screamed, and when I felt certain of escape I was more afraid in the dark room than I had been all the time before. "Shout to them Robert—get up by the window and they will hear you quicker."

He did so, and Maria awakened suddenly by the noise and finding herself in the dark, began to roar terrifically. There was a hasty trampling of feet and gleaming of torches in the distance, and the cry came again—

"Where are you?"

"Here! Here!" we all cried with one accord, yet we dared not leave our prison. In five moments more some twenty familiar faces were around us, and one by one we were lifted out and placed on terra firma—safe once more and among friends.

"Now what in the world possessed you to cut this foolish caper?" exclaimed my guardian.

"O the pot of gold!" I cried dolefully, as we turned towards home. "And after all we have not found it."

"Then let this lesson last you all your lives youngsters," he said with a grim smile.

I only wish I had taken his advice. I know not how it has fared with my fellow travellers in this respect, though I know that they were married long ago, and are living quietly enough in the brown cottage by the bridge. But oh life what hast thou been to me, but a succession of journeys quite as bootless, and disappointments far more keen—nay, in these my wisest years, am I not still following the rainbow of hope far over the mountains of this present life—do I not know that in this alone lies no deceit, and that where the arch is resting there lies the golden gates of the land whose name is Peace?

## AN EAST INDIAN ADVENTURE.

Captain Munday in his very spirited "Pen and Pencil Sketches in India," relates this personal adventure:

"I retired to my tent this evening greatly fatigued; and during the night had an adventure, which might have terminated with more loss to myself had I slept sounder.

"My bed, a low charpoy, or 'four feet,' was in one corner of the tent, close to a door, and I awoke several times from a feverish doze, fancying I heard something moving stealthily in my tent. But I could discover nothing, though a *cheering*, or little Indian lamp, was burning on the table. I therefore again wooed the balmy power and slept.

"At length, just as the 'iron tongue of midnight' had told twelve—for I had looked at my watch but five minutes before, and replaced it under my pillow—I was awakened by a rustling sound under my head, and half opening my eyes, without changing the position of my body, I saw a hideous black face within a foot of my own, and the owner of this index of a cutthroat, or, at least, cutpurse disposition, kneeling on the carpet, with one hand under my pillow, and the other grasping, not a dagger, but the door-post.

Still, without moving my body, and with half-closed eyes, I gently stole my right hand to a boar-spear, which, at night, was always placed between my bed and the wall; and as soon as I had clutched it, I made a rapid and violent movement, in order to wrench it from its place, and try the virtue of its point upon the intruder's body; but I wrenched in vain. Fortunately for the robber, my bearer, in placing the weapon in its usual recess, had forced the point into the top of the tent, and the butt into the ground so firmly, that I failed to extract it at the first effort, and my visitor, alarmed by the movement, started upon his feet and rushed through the open door.

"I had time to see that he was perfectly naked, with the exception of a black blanket twisted round his loins, and that he had already stowed away in his clothes my candlesticks and my dressing-case, which latter contained letters, money and other valuables.

"I had leisure also, in that brief space, to judge from the size of the arm extended to my bed, that its owner was better formed for activity than strength; and by his grizzled beard, that he was rather old than young.

"I therefore sprang from my bed, and darting through the purdor of the inner door, seized him by the cummerband just as he was passing the outer entrance. (The tents in India have double flies; the outer khanaut, or wall, forming a verandah, of some four feet wide, round the interior pavilion.) The fellow's blanket, however, gave way, for he had held it loosely about him, and before I could recover my hold upon him, he had made good his escape through the outer purdor, but dropping in his hasty exit the much esteemed dressing-case.

"I was so close upon his heels that the Bheel (robber) could not recover the prize; and jumping over the tent ropes, which doubtless the rogue calculated would trip me up, he ran towards the road.

"I was in such a fury, that forgetting my bare feet, I gave chase, vociferating lustily:

"'Thief! thief! Choor! choor!'

"But I was soon brought up by some sharp stones, just in time to see the rascal, by the light of the moon through the thick foliage overhead, jump upon one of my horses, standing near the road, and dash down the path at full speed, his black cummerband flying in the wind behind him.

"What would I not have given for my double-barrelled gun at that moment! As he and my beautiful Arab went clattering along the rocky forest road, I thought of the black huntsman of the Hartz, or the elf-king.

"Returning to my tent, I solaced myself by abusing my servants, who were just rubbing their eyes, and rousing themselves, and by threatening the terrified Sepoy sentry with an immediate courtmartial.

"My trunks at night were always placed outside the tent, under the sentry's eye; the robber, therefore, must have made his entry on the opposite side, and he must have been an adept in his vocation, as four or five servants were sleeping between the khanauts.

"The poor wretch did not get much booty for his trouble, having only secured a razor, a pot of pomatum, (which will serve to lubricate his person for the next exploit,) and the candlestick, which, on closer inspection, will prove to him the truth of the axiom, that 'all is not gold that glitters,' nor silver either.

"The next morning, on relating my adventure, I was told I was fortunate in having escaped cold steel; and many comforting instances were cited of the robbed being stabbed in attempting to secure the robber."

* * *

Nothing can convey more consolation and support to a high-minded, virtuous woman, in the midst of sorrow and misfortunes, than the recollection of the conduct of her sex under similar circumstances. When encompassed by dangers, difficulties, or death, women have continued to adhere with fidelity to their husbands' fortunes under every vicissitude.

# SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.

Why should the sacred character of virtue
Shine on a villain's countenance? Ye powers
Why fixed ye not a brand on Treason's front,
That we might know t' award perfidious mortals.
DENNIS.

Augustus Mansell replied to his father's letter by a communication quite as hypocritical and insincere as the one he had received. Instead of feeling distressed and outraged by his extravagance as he pretended, Sir Jasper, he well knew, rejoiced at it. Every step his son took in the career of dissipation plunged him still further into difficulties, from which the hand of the wealthy city heiress alone could extricate him. There were many reasons besides the mere question of money which rendered the alliance desirable in the eyes of the baronet.

Harper and Co. had stood security to the Bank of England when the numbers of the notes, stolen from the firm in Lombard street so many years ago, were cancelled. It is true that not a single one of them had ever been presented, and possibly never might. But the world is a strange book; the most amusing pages in it are its chapter of accidents. There was no knowing what might occur, and, like a prudent man, Sir Jasper Mansell wished to be prepared against contingencies.

"Marriage," said the captain, as he arranged the thick folds of starched muslin, worn in guise of a cravat round his neck; "it must come to that, but not yet. At three-and-twenty I am too young to be sacrificed. And what a sacrifice! The girl's complexion is as yellow as her gold, and she is twisted like a corkscrew! The money might be well enough, but curse the incumbrance."

There was a knock at the dressing-room door; his groom came to announce that the curricle was ready.

"Who did I have you from, Buck?" inquired his master.

"Lord John Plinlimmon," answered the man.

"And, pray, what would Lord John Plinlimmon have said had you admitted a person whom he did not wish to see? when he had visitors, too! A vulgar fellow, a bore!"

"All his lordship's connections," answered the servant, coolly, "were *unexceptionable*. There were neither vulgar fellows nor bores in *his family*, sir."

"There are both in mine," observed the captain.

"Indeed, sir!"

"I am never at home to Mr. Harold Mansell again."

"Very well, sir."

Had Buck apologized for his mistake, or shown the slightest amount of regret, the godson of the royal duke, in all probability, would have sworn at him lustily for his stupidity. As it was, the *parvenu* felt restrained by his coolness.

From his chambers in the Albany Augustus Mansell drove to the office of Mr. Parfit, sent in his card, and was instantly admitted.

"I must have another thousand by to-morrow!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself into an easy chair—the only one in the office, and expressly reserved by Mr. Parfit who never used it himself, for his clients.

Pry, his clerk, a facetious old rascal, called it the operating chair.

The money-lender shook his head doubtfully.

"Acting is quite unnecessary, old Plutus," continued his visitor, with a scornful laugh. "Didn't you hear me say that I *must* have it?"

"I did."

"You know what that implies, then. Your own terms, fifty per cent.—more, if you have the rascality to ask it."

"Money, like every other commodity," observed the old man, sharply, "is worth what it will produce."

"Exactly my philosophy," said the captain; "now I invest mine in pleasure, and feel so well satisfied with the result, that I wish to extend the field of my operations."

"You forget that I hold a heavy amount of your paper already."

"Under twenty thousand," observed the gentleman, carelessly

"Not much under it," replied Mr. Parfit; "besides, there is this inconvenience attached to your paper, I bank with Sir Jasper, and can't very well pay it in an account."

"If you bank with my father," observed his visitor, "you must be aware that his son's security is unexceptionable."

"Why not apply to him?" inquired the money-lender, anxiously.

"Can't agree to terms."

"Terms!"

"Terms," repeated the captain, at the same time throwing him the letter he had received from the baronet the day previously; "read it—marriage—must come to them in time, I suppose, but not yet; intend to have one throw more for happiness before I go in for respectability and all that sort of thing. I must have the thousand," he continued, "want it to take Clara to Paris—Brighton won't do."

The wretch had learnt the failure of his original scheme from the ballet mistress, Madame Saubin.

"Did you say Clara?"

"Yes, Clara, a *danseuse*, no one that you can possibly know anything about, old square toes, quite out of your way."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Parfit.

The fact was, as our readers doubtless already suspect, the money-lender knew a great deal respecting her.

"If it is Clara Cleret that you are speaking of——"

"By Jove, King Mammon, but you have hit it!" exclaimed Augustus, greatly astonished; "Spooner or Cavendish have been with you."

"Neither one nor the other" replied the former, musingly. "Umph! odd—very odd!"

"What in the name of cent. per cent. are you thinking of?"

"Whether you really could deal frankly with me, Mr. Mansell?"

"Try me."

"Has the girl consented to accompany you?" demanded Mr. Parfit; "mind, really and unequivocally consented? You hesitate; I see she has not."

"She has not," repeated his visitor; "her landlady, a wretched meddling old woman, interfered, and upset a scheme I had laid to get her down to Brighton. But I am not to be defeated when once I have made up my mind to succeed; the Horse Guards have granted me three months' leave of absence, and I intend to carry her off to Paris."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Mansell," said the old man, with pretended earnestness.

The captain laughed.

"Promise me that you will not, and you shall have the thousand pounds, raised on the usual security."

"Oh, yes, anything."

"Otherwise," added the money-lender, "I should have felt it my duty to put Clara upon her guard."

"You!"

"Yes, I befriended her in her childhood and assisted her very lately. Poor child! she is to call and thank me on Thursday next, after office hours."

"In the evening?" exclaimed the captain, eagerly.

"In the evening," repeated Mr. Parfit, simultaneously. "I should not like my clerks to see her, to prate of my private charities."

"And you are quite certain she will be here on Thursday next?"

"No doubt of it. There is her note; I have not answered it yet. But Thursday is the evening that will suit me best."

"And me, too," thought Augustus. "It leaves me six days clear to arrange my plans."

"Remember," said the money-lender, as he handed his client the notes in return for his bill for fifteen hundred pounds, "that you have given your word. No attempt to lead Clara Cleret from the paths of virtue."

"All right, old fellow" said Augustus, carelessly, as he quitted the office, "you know me, and can rely upon my promise—good as my signature."

Mr. Parfit smiled scornfully after him.

"If I thought I could," he muttered, "I would find some other means for compassing her downfall; but I know my man—a silken thing, an insensate lie, that never kept faith with anything save his own passions. Strange," he added, musingly, "how long the girl has struggled against her destiny; temptation in its worst forms; poverty and hunger—for she has been reduced even to that—have in vain assailed her. Is it possible that there is really a strength in virtue? bah! a name that only fools are caught by.

"It must succeed. I must remove them from my path at last; Clara, once in the hands of her betrayer, will float down the stream of Folly like other victims, and disappear as they do. As for the wretched dwarf, her brother, deprived of all other means of support—the show, the fair—yes, yes, I see it all; it works as I could wish, but I must write to her at once."

The hypocrite, without the slightest feeling of compunction, sat down to answer the grateful letter of poor Clara, and appointed the Thursday evening following for her to call upon him.

Captain Mansell was about the last person to be deceived by the pretended benevolence of the money-lender; he had seen too much of the world, or rather that bad part of it, which but too frequently undermines our faith in human nature.

"The old rascal must have some motive," he thought, "for playing into my hands. What can it be? I must recollect and question Clara; Perhaps he has an interest in her ruin; find it out, if possible. Should like to do something handsome for her when I marry."

The gentleman looked at his watch, and finding that he had several hours to kill, decided upon extending his drive into the city.

Sir Jasper was absent when he arrived in Lombard street, and the empty-hearted coxcomb, piqued by the recollection of his cousin's manly censure of his conduct before his brother officers the preceding day, took the opportunity of mystifying him, as he trusted, by his superciliousness.

"Did my father leave word when he should return?" he demanded, pretending not to recognize him.

Our hero replied by a simple negative, and without raising his eyes from the desk at which he was writing, for he perfectly understood the tone in which the question had been asked.

"Is that you, Harold?" exclaimed his cousin; "scarcely knew you. How do you like being a clerk?'

"Not much."

"S'pose not; dry work, eh? exposed to all kinds of drudgery?"

"And every variety of impertinence," added his relative, with provoking coolness. "As for the drudgery—the mere manual labor—one could get over that; the other——"

"Sticks in your throat."

"*Sometimes.*"

"You must learn to swallow it, Harold," observed the god-son of the royal duke; "we are not all born to fortune."

"I care very little about fortune."

"Or rank," added Augustus, with great self-complacency.

His cousin raised his eyes and regarded him firmly.

"Still less for rank," he replied, "which is but too frequently united with heartlessness and ignorance. It is quite sufficient for me to know that by birth I am a gentleman—the equal, in all that concerns my honor, of any man living, since the proudest, should he forget himself, could not refuse me the satisfaction due to one."

"Yes, of course, you are right there; the nephew of Sir Jasper Mansell must always rank as a gentleman."

"Unless he disgraces himself," added Harold.

"Yes, yes," muttered his cousin; "all that sort of thing is understood in society, but we don't preach about it, as they do in the country, I suppose."

The arrival of his father proved a great relief to Augustus, who did not exactly admire the tone the conversation between himself and our hero had taken. He had thought to mortify and wound him by his insolence, instead of which, he had himself received a lesson so pointedly, yet at the same time so politely given, that, without quarreling with him, it was impossible to show his resentment.

"You dine with the Wrays to-day, do you not?" said Sir Jasper, after shaking hands with his son."

The question was addressed to his nephew, who answered in the affirmative.

"Excellent people."

"In their sphere," added the captain, by way of comment.

"You cannot do better than cultivate their acquaintance," continued the baronet, not heeding the interruption. "The clerks can attend to these letters; do not let them detain you."

This was a polite, we may even add, a kind way of informing our hero that he wished to be left with his son. Harold understood it so, and bade them both good morning.

"I ought to like my uncle," he thought, as he quitted the bank, "for he is invariably considerate to me; and yet, hang it, am not naturally ungrateful—I do like him—I must like him."

The feeling, best described by the monosyllable yet, was something like a recurring decimal—there was no getting rid of it. It would return.

"My cousin, I perceive, is becoming a personage," observed Augustus Mansell, in a tone of ill-humor.

"How so?" said Sir Jasper, coolly.

"I judge from the way you treat him."

"You forget he is my nephew," replied the banker, "and, failing you or your heirs, heir to my baronetcy."

"Ah!"

"The contingency, with your objections to marriage," added his father, "may eventually prove worth something."

"Indeed!"

"Have you never considered this?"

"Never."

"It is quite as well that I have reminded you of this," continued Sir Jasper Mansell, drily.

The shrewd, calculating man of the world saw that his son had taken a strong aversion to our hero, and thought to excite his jealousy by alluding to the possibility of his succeeding to the title.

"But this is childish," he continued. "You are young, and will come to your senses one day, I trust."

"I have come to them already, father," answered Augustus, with sudden resolution.

"Have the Jews failed you?" demanded the banker, sarcastically.

The captain, by way of reply, produced the notes he had just received from Mr. Parfit.

Sir Jasper smiled bitterly, and asked his son whether he meant to insult him.

"I know the price," he observed, "at which you must have procured that money; fifteen or twenty per cent., at the very least."

"I defend it," replied the spendthrift, "as a proof that my credit is not yet exhausted in the money market, as you suppose, and to convince you that it is not necessity that has brought me to accept the offer of Harper *and Co.*," he added, alluding to his father's slip of the pen.

"And you will marry her?"

"The whole firm on the same terms. Three hundred thousand pounds," answered Augustus, gaily; "that is, on my return from Paris."

The smile which began to break over the saturnine countenance of Sir Jasper Mansell disappeared.

"And how long is your visit to last?" he demanded.

"As long as my money lasts," said his son, carelessly; "only a paltry thousand," he added, with a sigh. "My farewell to freedom will not be a very protracted one; besides, the Horse Guards have granted me but six weeks."

"I will take care that no indiscreet liberality on my part shall enable you to prolong your stay," observed his father, satisfied with the explanation. "Will you see Miss Harper before you leave?"

"If you wish it."

"I do wish it," said the baronet.

"And irretrievably commit myself," continued the heartless fellow, in the same tone of badinage.

"Now that I find you are capable of listening to reason," said the banker, "I will speak as I have never yet spoken to you, but first draw the bolt of the outer door."

Augustus did as he was requested, and sauntered back to his chair with his usual indifference.

"It is not money alone," continued the speaker, "that induces me to desire this match so ardently, although I confess it to be a consideration; *the stability of the firm depends upon it—the reputation and fortune of your father.*"

"You surely jest," exclaimed the captain, greatly astonished, for, like the world, he had long been accustomed to look upon his father's fortune as something colossal.

"Do I look like a man who jests?" demanded the baronet, calmly.

Never had his son seen his features appear so pale and ghastly.

"I must believe you," he answered; "words I might doubt, but not a proof like this. I thought you never speculated, Sir Jasper?"

"It is not necessary," observed the baronet, evasively, "to enter into an explanation which, from your education and want of familiarity with business transactions, you could not understand, or be made to do so without difficulty. The marriage to which you have just gladdened my heart by giving your consent, has been arranged almost from your birth, for I need not tell you that the lady in question is several years your senior."

"Seven, at the very least."

"You presume, therefore, that it is no sudden emergency that has led to it?"

"But the fortune, father?" interrupted Augustus Mansell; "will Harper and Co. really give their daughter three hundred thousand pounds?"

"Really."

"They, at least, do not suspect you of poverty."

Sir Jasper smiled as he observed that it would prove difficult to make them believe it, and added that on the wedding-day, besides paying his debts, he should be prepared to settle a sum equal to the bride's fortune upon him and his children.

As the landed estates Sir Jasper had inherited from his father were strictly entailed, Captain Mansell could not help acknowledging the arrangement to be most princely. One thing puzzled him. If his father was still so rich, why this eagerness for the marriage? Harper and Co. were respectable, but sad vulgar people.

"At last we perfectly understand each other," said the baronet; "there must be no withdrawing the offer, once made."

"A true bargain," repeated the captain. "You see I know something of your terms upon 'Change. Perhaps, after all, I shall take to the firm and continue the bank."

"Never!" said his father, gloomily.

"You intend that for my cousin, I suppose," observed Augustus, bitterly; "he seems a favorite with you."

"Pah!" exclaimed the baronet, impatiently. "Do not trouble your head about Harold, but attend to your own affairs.

"*I have a use for him,*" he added, emphatically.

## CHAPTER XII.

Well may dreams present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such powerful convictions
As make life itself a dream.

Half our day-light faith 's a fable,
Sleep disports with shadows, too,
Seeming, in their turn, as stable,
As the world we wake to view.
CAMPBELL.

"Clara must feel very grateful to you," observed Tom, after a pause.

"Grateful! For what?"

"The service you have rendered her."

"She knows nothing about it," replied our hero, "and never will know it from me. I would not call a blush to her pure cheek for the selfish pleasure of receiving her thanks; and that is why I bound the landlady to secrecy."

"She is certainly very pretty," said the young farmer, with a sigh.

"I admire her goodness more than her beauty," exclaimed his friend; "her struggles with poverty, I can appreciate them; her devotion to her unfortunate brother. I wish she were well married and out of danger."

"Married!" repeated his companion, in a tone of surprise, as if the possibility of such an event had never struck him.

"I suppose we shall all of us be married one day," exclaimed Harold, laughingly. "I for one do not intend to live alone. The heart must have something to repose on."

By this time they had reached the Royal Mews, which then occupied the site of the National Gallery. Tom Mayfield suddenly withdrew his arm from that of the speaker, and declined proceeding with him into Princess street.

"I will take a turn in the Park," he said, "and wait for you by the Horse Guards."

Our hero looked up and saw that the speaker was exceedingly pale and agitated.

"Are you ill, Tom?" he demanded, anxiously.

"No."

"I am sure you are. Let us return, or——"

"No," repeated his friend, somewhat impatiently. "I—it will pass over—a mere nothing. I scarcely know what I am saying. Let me go."

Harold Mansell was not to be shaken off, but insisted on accompanying Tom, whose words and manner puzzled him exceedingly, into the Park, where they walked for some time in silence.

From the day our hero put Mrs. Page upon her guard against the unprincipled designs of his evil-minded cousin, the worthy woman entertained the highest opinion both of his honor and discretion, and saw his daily visits to her lodger with pleasure. As for the young farmer, who generally accompanied him, she never imagined for an instant that there was the slightest danger of Clara falling in love with him.

Many a young fellow of Harold's age would have made a merit, and sought to create an interest in the heart of the poor *danseuse* by revealing the danger he had saved her from to herself instead of her landlady. Harold did not do so; he wished to spare her the pain of receiving such a communication from any but one of her own sex, and, satisfied with having performed his duty, thought not of being thanked.

The affair, therefore, remained a secret from all but Tom Mayfield, who expressed more indignation than even Mrs. Page had done.

"This cousin of yours must be a precious rascal—a cowardly one," he exclaimed; "but I am not surprised—it makes good the old adage."

"What adage?"

"'Like father like son,'" replied his friend. "Don't be angry. I can't help my opinions, and we have been so long accustomed to express them to each other freely, that it would seem like treachery to friendship to conceal them."

"I am not angry," said our hero.

"You agree with me? It is you who hesitate to speak freely, now."

"Not from want of confidence," exclaimed Harold, warmly; "but the fact is, I have not come to a conclusion respecting the true character of my uncle, who is one of those men not to be read from the surface. To me," he added, "he has, hitherto, proved kind, considerate, liberal, and, but for the past, the inexorable past, which, one day or other, is sure to rise in judgment against most of us—I allude to his neglect of my dear father, and positive injustice to Harry—I should be inclined to think most favorably of him."

"This is rank cowardice," exclaimed the young farmer, with a sudden burst of resolution, "unworthy of me—unworthy of our friendship. You will think me a vain, presumptuous fool," he added; "but better that than despise me for deceit. I have a reason for not accompanying you to Princess street."

"So I imagined," said our hero, wondering what his friend could possibly be driving at.

"I should be miserable were I to continue my visits there; false to you and to myself. Till this affair of your cousin and Clara, I had not the slightest suspicion of the real nature of my feelings. I can't help them—the heart will speak."

"In the name of all that is mysterious, Tom, what does it tell you?" demanded Harold.

"That I love Clara," replied the poor fellow, greatly agitated; "but I am not such a villain as to attempt to interfere with your happiness. I shall leave London; would I had never seen it! Time and absence will cure me of my folly, and when you are married——"

"When who are married?" demanded his hearer in astonishment.

"You and Clara."

Harold Mansell could not repress an exclamation of admiration at the disinterestedness of his friend.

"It will be a very long time before that event takes place," he observed, with a smile; "we must fall in love with each other first."

"What! are you—Clara, I mean—do you not love each other?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied our hero; "unless people can be in love with each other without knowing it. But, after all," he added, with affected gravity, "you must be the best judge, considering that with you the disease has come to a crisis."

"Laugh at me!" exclaimed Tom Mayfield, "laugh at me; I deserve it for my blindness, stupidity, and, I am afraid I must say, jealousy. I am at this moment the happiest fellow in existence. Harold, dear Harold," he added, with a sigh, "you cannot imagine what a weight you have removed from my heart. At one moment I had made up my mind to return to Lowelstree without a word of explanation; the next I thought of going to sea—enlisting for a soldier, anything rather than forfeit my claim to your esteem."

"But suppose Clara had preferred you?"

"I should never have asked her the question," answered his friend, emphatically, "whilst I thought you loved her."

"And now?"

"As soon as I fancy I can discern a hope of receiving a favorable answer I mean to put it. But what makes you so regular in your visits to Princess street?"

It was our hero's turn now to color and look embarrassed, and he muttered something about his cousin Harry.

Tom shook his head doubtfully.

Harold whispered the name of Bianca, and the explanation between the young men was complete.

"And have you told her this?" demanded Clara's admirer.

"Not yet; I must see my way clearly first."

"How—clearly?"

"My path is not like yours, Tom, of roses," answered his friend; "and I should think it dishonorable to win the affections of any girl unless I saw a prospect of making her my wife. You have a father who is rich, to whom your happiness has been a life's care; I have the world to struggle with—a position to win—before I dare think of marriage."

"We are both young enough for that," observed Tom. "I'd bet my life, after all," he added, with a burst of joy, "that we are married on the same day."

"Dreamer!"

"It stands to reason."

"Reason, I am afraid," said Harold, with a sigh, "has very little to do with love, as I am situated."

"I wish," exclaimed his friend, "that you had followed my father's advice, and taken the farm at Lowelstree."

"And neglected my duty—broken my promise to my father to protect poor Harry. No, Tom, I am sure you do not wish that! I have a hard task before me; I must guard my heart and double guard my tongue, lest it should speak the words it ought not to speak till honor justifies them."

"Now my heart is at rest," said his friend, "I can wait too!"

Mrs. Page looked rather demurely, when, on the following Sunday, Harold and Tom Mayfield invited Clara and Bianca to walk with them in the Park. She scarcely knew what to say; the neighbors were not over charitable. Signor Muzetti, possibly, might object. After all, she knew very little of the young men; one was only a clerk. The pale looks of the *danseuse*, however, decided her.

"It can't be very wrong," she thought, as she gave her consent, which, after all, she had no positive right to refuse.

"Do go," exclaimed Harry. "It will do you good. I will remain with Telbin."

The dwarf frowned, not at the idea of his sister leaving him, but he could not bear the idea of Bianca walking with either Harold or his friend Tom. He felt jealous of them.

"Are you not satisfied?" added the young sculptor, who had noticed the change on his countenance.

"Always satisfied," replied the unhappy being, "when with you."

There are few of our readers so old, we suspect, but they still remember, with pleasure, the days of their youth, and, above all, the first walk with those they loved, the thousand circumstances, trifling in themselves, but which borrowed a feeling from sympathy—and looks more than words. Unlike his friend, Tom did not feel himself bound by the cold considerations of prudence to conceal his passion, he was free to speak, to choose. Life, like a pleasant prospect, unfolded itself to his view, and, if he did not proceed at once to a declaration, doubt alone restrained him—a manly feeling of delicacy—Clara was poor!

"She must not think," he mentally ejaculated, "that I presume upon her poverty."

Happy by her side, in the conviction that she was not beloved by his friend, in the hope that he was not altogether indifferent to her, the young farmer described to her his home occupations in the country, his friends, his dogs, and above all his favorite mare, Jessie.

"And is it possible that you are content to leave all these for cold, solitary London?" exclaimed Clara, with surprise.

"What was I to do without Harold?" he replied; "for years we have been like brothers."

"Yes, yes," said the *danseuse*; "I can understand that—friendship is the strongest chain on the affections."

"Not quite," answered her companion with a smile.

Clara looked into his face inquiringly.

"There is one far stronger," he added—"love."

She cast down her eyes again and blushed deeply. There was something in the look of manly admiration with which the speaker regarded her, and the tone of his voice, that set her young heart beating.

Tom at that moment would have given all he possessed to have declared his passion; but the Park was not exactly the place for such a confession, so he prudently restrained himself.

In love-making, as in everything else, it is wise to let well alone. The heart of a timid girl resembles the wild bird of the forest; it broods best in solitude. A word uttered too soon may scare it, and, once upon the wing, there is no telling where or when it may alight again.

Had the boy-god himself been his tutor, the young farmer could not have acted more judiciously. The look and tone had done their work, by fixing themselves in the memory of Clara.

For several minutes they continued their walk in silence.

Harold Mansell had a far more difficult part to act, because a more cautious one. He had framed to himself a rule of honor, from which nothing, he thought, should tempt him to depart; and, although the words trembled upon his lips, he would have thought it cowardice to have spoken them. He conversed, therefore, of music, painting, the arts—in fact, upon every subject except the one that rose uppermost in his heart.

How frequently in the world will two beings meet who feel they might be happy with each other, yet know that *that* happiness can never be realised! Poverty, lean-fingered Poverty, dashes into fragments the mirror in which the illusions are pictured, and shows them in their place the stern features of iron reality.

The feeble mistake the spectre for destiny; bow their heads, and part to meet no more. The strong battle with it, as our hero resolved to do, and sometimes overcome it, or, if they fail, fail honorably.

"At least I will have nothing to reproach myself with," said Harold, mentally; "if I suffer, it shall be alone."

The boast, like most others, was a vain one. The heart of the Italian girl had already begun to dream. Perhaps, with the instincts of her sex, she divined his thoughts, and admired him the more for a strength of character that assimilated with her own.

"He is poor and proud," was the conclusion she arrived at.

By this time they had approached the drive, thronged with the equipages of the listless votaries of Fashion, who display their veneration for the Sabbath by an affected apathy to the beauties of Nature.

"What a magnificent carriage!" said Bianca, as an open barouche, drawn by a pair of showy horses, approached.

Harold looked up, and recognized the livery.

"My aunt!" he exclaimed.

At the same instant Lady Mansell and Georgiana recognized him, and, raising their glasses, scrutinized the features of his companion.

Our hero bowed, and was answered by a cold nod.

"Rather a *distingué*-looking girl," said her ladyship. "Who can it be? One of his friends from the country?"

"No, mamma," replied the eldest Miss Mansell, "the style is not Lowelstree. Some highly improper person, no doubt," she added.

Her mother dropped her eyeglass.

"I do not think so," timidly observed Jane, who was seated opposite to them.

"And why not?"

"Because my cousin bowed to us, that is one reason; the next," she added, blushing deeply, "is that I do not think he is acquainted with any improper persons."

Lady Mansell and her daughter smiled at what they considered poor Jane's simplicity, and the dashing equipage rolled on.

"What! that your aunt, Lady Mansell!" inquired Tom as he overtook his friend. "I am sure I should never like her."

The speaker was made aware of his imprudence by feeling the arm of Clara Cleret tremble within his.

"It is to you that I am indebted for my preservation," she said, fixing her eyes, filled with tears, upon our hero. "How can I thank you sufficiently?"

"By never alluding to the subject again," interrupted her preserver. "It was my earnest wish to keep the knowledge from you."

"He cannot be so poor as I suspected," thought Bianca, and the conviction afforded her anything but pleasure. As the nephew of Lady Mansell, a gulf seemed suddenly to open between them.

"I did not think of meeting them here," muttered our hero, in a tone of vexation.

"Or of being recognized with the poor exiled painter's daughter upon your arm," added his companion, coldly. "I can understand your mortification, if I do not pity it."

Harold smiled sadly.

"It shall not occur again," she added.

"You wrong me!" he exclaimed; "by Heavens, you wrong me! It is true I am the nephew of Sir Jasper Mansell, the millionaire, the great city banker; but I am a mere clerk in his counting-house, liable to be discharged, like any other, at a moment's notice. I have no fortune of my own. Had I, Bianca——"

He hesitated, fearful lest his feelings should carry him too far.

The eyes of Bianca sparkled with joy.

"Had I," he repeated, "my uncle's wealth, and that of India added to it, I should still be honored by being seen with the exiled painter's daughter upon my arm."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

As man cultivates his intellectual faculties, he learns to mistrust his instincts.

## RETROSPECT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Oh, for the summers when
I used to sit with bare feet in the grass,
Watching the clouds make pictures in th' air—
Ah, me, I am no longer what I was—
The rose, so lovely then,
Can hardly now persuade me she is fair.

Oh, for the golden key
That would unlock the chamber of delight,
From whence I used to see
The morning coming up so warm and bright,
In promise of a day, whose far-off even
Lay sweet among the stars, and close to heaven.

Oh, for a single hour
To have life's knot of evil and self-blame
All straightened—all undone,
As in the time when fancy had the power
The weariest and forlornest day to bless,
At sight of any common little flower
That warmed her pallid fingers in th' sun,
And had no garment but her loveliness.

Having our choice to make,
Most strangely we forsake
The better for the worse—sometimes you see
The brook which runneth all the lilies by,
About the tangled roots of some old tree,
In silvery silence lie:
Who has not done the same? alas, not I.

## KENJ-MOHAIB, THE BEAST-TAMER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Kenj-Mohaib—or Death-Eye, as he was more generally termed by the English residents who knew him—was the most remarkable man I met during my travels in India. I first beheld him in one of the principal thoroughfares of Calcutta. I was walking arm-in-arm with my old friend, Captain Marvin, of the —— Infantry, when the latter suddenly stopped and pointed across the street to a thin, diminutive, weazen-faced man, who was slowly shuffling his way along, without seeming to notice the attention he attracted from the other passengers.

"There is a character for you, Sanford!" exclaimed my friend, somewhat excitedly, "and you are fortunate to get a sight of him."

"Well, who is he?"

"A pundit, a savant, a linguist, a sorcerer, a necromancer, a conjurer, a juggler, a wizard, a magnetizer, a beast-tamer, and some say the devil. Quick! let us cross over and follow him, for you will never regret having seen him at close quarters."

"A very wonderful being, certainly!" said I, as I turned across the street with my friend; "but pray be a little more explicit, and tell me what he has ever done to gain him so many remarkable titles."

"He is a very learned man for one thing—speaks more languages than I ever heard of—can out-juggle the best Indian juggler we have, and can cow the wildest and fiercest animal with a single glance of his wonderful eye."

"Do you speak from common report or personal knowledge, Captain?"

"Both, Harry. You remember our old schoolfellow, Major Pitcairn, who died of the fever last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, he prided himself on keeping two of the most vicious domestic animals to be found in India—a bull-dog and stallion—and the Major was always ready to bet a hundred guineas to one that no one could buckle a collar around the neck of the dog, or put a bridle on the horse. Several persons who boasted themselves beast-tamers, were induced by the large odds, and the hope of celebrity, to make the trial, but they were very soon only too glad to get off with whole bones, and allow the Major to pocket his winnings with his usual sarcastic laugh.

"But one day the Major made a mistake. A green-looking Irishman, with a very rich brogue, sought an interview with our friend, and said he had ten guineas to wager against a thousand, that he would bring a man who would put a collar on the dog and a bridle on the horse within ten minutes from seeing either, and that the animals should be left free meantime, and not be harmed in the least.

"Of course so happy a chance for sport and profit was not to be slighted by Jack Pitcairn, and all his friends, myself among the number, received an invitation to be present at his stable at a given hour on the following morning.

"Well, we were all there, punctual to time, and so was the Irishman, and so was that little dried-up specimen of humanity you see shuffling along yonder. None of us had ever seen him or heard of him before, and when told that he was really the individual who had undertaken to win the bet for poor Pat, as we called him, we all gave way to the most uproarious merriment, and continued it till the stranger turned to us, and, with a look that seemed to freeze my blood, said, in a very quiet and dignified tone:

"'Gentlemen, there is a maxim common in the English language, that he laughs best who laughs last.'

"I do not know why it was, but the strangest feeling of fear and awe came over me as his singular eyes met mine in the glance which he threw around the circle, and on turning to the others, I was still more surprised to perceive that every face, even the Major's itself, was as pale as a ghost's.

"'Sir Stranger,' said Pitcairn, with a grave bow, 'you have undertaken to do what no living man can, and as a proof that I consider you entitled to the respect due to a gentleman, I will permit your foolish and boasting companion to withdraw his bet, and thus save you from the ridicule which will attend your failure.'

"'I came not here to trifle, sir!' returned the other; 'but if you fear my success, I will suffer you to withdraw your wager, and thus save yourself a heavy loss.'

"'Nay, if you wish to risk your life, you shall have the opportunity!' said the Major, with a curl of his lip, provoked by the cool assurance of the stranger; 'but please remember, when too late, that I gave you a fair warning.'

"'Where is the horse?' demanded the beast-tamer.

"'In the stable before you, and here is the bridle you are to put on him.'

"The little man, without deigning a reply, took the bridle, advanced to the door, and threw it open. We all drew back in alarm, expecting to see the furious beast, which was free, dash upon him and trample him to death. But the animal, to our utter surprise, only turned and looked at him, while he stood perfectly still, looking at the animal. This lasted from three to five minutes; and then, to our unbounded astonishment, the fellow walked deliberately in, put the bridle on the horse, and led him forth, as gentle as a lamb.

"'Gracious Heaven! what magic is this!' exclaimed Pitcairn, as white as a sheet.

"'I will now put the collar on the dog,' said the stranger, with a grim smile.

"He then took the bridle from the stallion, led him into the stable by his mane, and closed the door. Under the greatest excitement, we all followed him to the room in which the dog was kept, and which none but his master ever dared enter. As the little wicket in the main door was thrown open, the dog came forward with a ferocious yell, and thrust his ugly head through, fairly foaming with rage.

"'Go back and lie down!' said the beast-tamer; and the fierce dog, fixing his blood-shot eyes upon him, to our utter surprise, began to cower and slink away.

"Then this man-devil, with another grim smile, threw open the door, walked quietly in, buckled the collar around his neck, and led him forth as tame as a kitten.

"'In the name of Heaven, who are you? and what sorcery is this?' demanded the Major.

"'I am Kenj-Mohaib, at your service,' replied the little man. 'Gentlemen, have I won the wager?'

"'Yes,' cried the Major, excitedly, all aghast at what he had just witnessed, 'either you or your master, the devil, has. Give the Irishman the money, Roberts, and let them go! I fancy I smell sulphur.'

"'I will only take a hundred guineas, fifty for my friend and fifty for myself,' said the beast-tamer, 'and the nine hundred you shall keep to pay you for laughing at my expense.'

"'No, no—take it all!' said the Major: 'I do not wish to be burned before my time.'

"'You are but a sorry jester, young man; pray keep your money and buy wisdom with it; you sadly need it; you have a great deal to learn yet. Good day, gentlemen.'

"And Kenj-Mohaib bowed to the whole party, and, accompanied by the grinning Irishman, went shuffling away, leaving the nine hundred guineas behind him.

"Since then," concluded the Captain, "I have seen this wonderful man some three or four times, and heard stories related of him that would rival the tales of Munchausen. We have named him the Death-Eye, and I am sometimes tempted to believe that his eye has the power to kill."

"And this is really the man before me?" said I, looking with surprise at the little shuffling figure, coarsely habited, and wearing a sort of motley turban, colored tunic, and dirty sandals.

As I said before, he was attracting general attention, and many stopped, spoke to each other in low tones, pointed and stared, and a few, like myself and friend, followed on after him. Determined to get a good view of his features, I hurried past him, and then returned, looking full in his face.

His countenance was not remarkable, except for having an old, withered, wrinkled, dirty, parchment-like appearance, resembling an Arab's, or a careless traveller's who had exposed himself to all kinds of weather. His features were small and decidedly of the Jewish cast, with aquiline nose, thin lips, and heavy brows. But his eyes! Ah, his eyes! I never saw such orbs before nor since in the head of any human being. They were not large, but intensely black and penetrating, with a fiery redness gleaming from them, as if two burning sparks were imprisoned behind the pupils, with a strange circle of yellow immediately around them; and when for a single moment they encountered mine, I felt a peculiar thrill pass through my frame, as though I had received a shock from a battery. I do believe that if, then and there, he had exerted his will, he could have magnetized me on the spot—paralyzed my whole system. Was this fancy? Certainly the wonderful power he exerted over dumb animals was not fancy, and I afterward saw it put to a fearful test. I was glad to let him pass on; but his look haunted me for days and weeks, and even yet I can recall his face more vividly than that of any other human being.

Some three months later I next beheld Kenj-Mohaib in the city of Delhi, and had a remarkable chance of witnessing a trial of his most wonderful powers. I was quietly and half abstractedly sauntering along the street, when I was suddenly startled by a series of the wildest screams of terror I ever heard, and which apparently came from another street crossing at right angles the one I was in. I hurried to the nearest corner, and there perceived quite a crowd of men, women and children, in the wildest alarm and confusion, all running toward the point where I stood. My first idea was of murder, riot, or insurrection; but as the running and shrieking crowd drew near, I perceived with horror the sleek, striped form of a royal tiger in their midst, carrying a child in his mouth, and at once comprehended that the terrible beast had broken loose from some place of confinement, and had seized the little sufferer to vent his rage or appease his appetite. The tiger, growling savagely, was now looking fiercely around, evidently with the view of making his escape from the mob; and just as I was about to secure my own safety by flight, I saw him turn and spring through an open window into an apartment, from which the terrified inmates fled in the wildest dismay.

At this critical juncture, a small party of soldiers, headed by a Sergeant, came running up, and, learning the cause of alarm, at once proceeded to the retreat of the beast, and drew up before the window for the purpose of shooting him. Anxious to be a witness of the result, I ran up behind them, as did some few of the natives, and caught a glimpse of the beautiful monster squatted down in the centre of the apartment, with his fore-paws resting upon the breast of the still living child. The soldiers, though ready, were now afraid to fire, for fear of killing the child; and as if the tiger were conscious of the fact, he now raised his head, glared at them with his fiery eyes, and showed his teeth with a savage growl.

"My child! my poor, sweet child! for God's sake, save my child!" cried a voice in the English tongue, and a poor woman, white with terror and emotion, and with hair disheveled, rushed wildly up to the group, making the most frantic gestures of despair. "Oh, save my poor child, sir!" she continued, throwing herself down at the feet of the Sergeant, as if the power of life and death were in his hands, "and God will reward you."

"I will if I can, good woman," replied the officer, with feeling; "but I am afraid to fire upon the beast, for fear the child, which I can see is still living, may be killed at the same time. What can we do?" he added, nervously. "If the tiger would only leave his prey and attack us! I dare not fire upon him where he is. Yet, stay—I will fire a single piece myself at his head, and then, if I wound him, be ready, men, for the consequences, for he will surely attack us."

He raised a musket for a careful aim, and I was just on the point of leaving the dangerous vicinity, when a stern voice exclaimed:

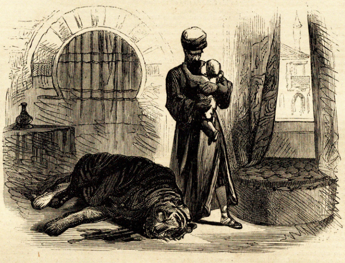
"Hold! hold! I will master the beast alone!"

I looked quickly around, and, to my great surprise, beheld the wonderful Kenj-Mohaib forcing his way forward, and nearly out of breath.

"Stand back, man, or you will be torn to pieces!" cried the Sergeant, as the beast-tamer pressed forward to the window, and placed his hands upon the sill to spring through.

The next moment Kenj-Mohaib had thrown himself bodily into the room, and, with a wild roar, that made us tremble outside, the tiger leaped forward to put an end to the bold intruder.

A deep and awful silence followed. The change of position of the beast prevented our seeing, from where we stood, what was taking place within, and none dared venture nearer to ascertain.



"Look out, men! look out, all!" cried the Sergeant; "the tiger has killed that fool, and the taste of blood will bring him upon us in fury."

"Who is the fool?" said Kenj-Mohaib, sternly, appearing at the window, and giving the astonished soldiers a look that made them quail. "I have killed the beast, which is more than a regiment of such fellows as you could have done!" and turning his back, he advanced to the child, picked it up, returned, leaped out, placed it in the arms of its half-distracted mother, and then, without a word, went shuffling away at an impatient, angry gait.

I was so astonished that I did not speak till all was over, and then, with the others, I crowded forward, and beheld the tiger dead, with his throat awfully gashed, and weltering in his own blood. Then I told what I knew, and the mysterious beast-tamer became the wonder of all who heard my story. The child, though much mangled, subsequently recovered, and, for all I know, is still living, but Kenj-Mohaib I never saw again. Most wonderful and mysterious being!

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

**Joseph.**—Your theory is founded on an untenable assumption. It is believed by the best authorities that railroads radiating from great commercial cities tend to diminish rather than increase the *resident* population of these centres of trade. This at the first glance may appear extraordinary, yet a moment's reflection will enable you to account for it. It is cheaper to live in the neighborhood of a large city than in it. Rents are lower by more than one-half; there are opportunities for raising garden stuff, pigs and poultry, at a small cost; taxes are almost nominal, and there are fewer temptations to spend money in amusements, dress, &c., &c. These economic advantages far more than counterbalance the expense of travel by rail between the city and the rural settlement, and render it expedient for thousands of merchants, mechanics, and others engaged in business and professional pursuits requiring their daily presence in town, to have their *homes* in the country. Hence we find large and thriving villages located on various railroads running out of New York, at distances varying from six to twenty miles from the city, the majority of whose inhabitants once resided in our midst. They are refugees from rack rents, oppressive taxation, dear markets and metropolitan temptations. It is the same with Philadelphia and Boston. The tendency of railroads is clearly to *diffuse*, not to *centralize*, population. And this is one of their chief merits, for enormous, overgrown cities are truly, as Jefferson has described them, "sores on the body politic."

**Pin-Money.**—The origin of "pin-money" was as follows: Towards the close of the fifteenth century, an epoch that marks a transition style in the dress of ladies, pins were looked upon with great favor as new years' gifts. They displaced the old wooden skewer, previously used to fasten ladies dresses, which no effort of skill, no burnishing or embellishment, could convert into a sightly appendage. Pins, in that simple age of the world, were luxuries of high price, and the gift was frequently compounded for in money, an allowance that became so necessary to the wants of ladies of quality, that it resolved itself at last into a regular stipend, very properly called "pin-money."

**Y. T.**—This correspondent informs us that she is a young lady with two suitors—one rich, whom she *cannot* love, one poor whom she *can*. "Shall I marry the rich one," she asks, "and be miserable, or love the poor one, and never marry?" We do not see that such must be the alternative. The last one may be first, and the first last, in point of wealth, before many years; how can you tell, and why should you be in a hurry, while so young, about marrying immediately? So much by way of worldly reasoning; and now we will say that a girl who is so *calculating* in her matrimonial hopes and fears, will never be apt to love very vehemently, or suffer much on account of marrying for wealth.

**Lea.**—When a lady is visiting a married friend, and a caller is announced to the guest, with whom the married lady is unacquainted, whether or not the lady guest should invite her hostess to accompany her to see the visitor, rests entirely in the discretion of the lady upon whom the call is made. By the demands of etiquette she is not *obliged* to do so, though such an attention to her hostess would be well enough, unless she had reason to suppose that her caller would rather not see any one but herself.

**Union.**—You have paid such particular attentions to a lady that her friends and yours suppose you to be engaged. You had intended to offer yourself had not a failure in business prevented. What shall you do? Offer yourself to the lady whom you love, and let *her* decide the question. You would, if she agreed to wait for you, have a powerful motive for exertion.

**Hawk Eye.**—If you are in love with a young lady whom you have reason to fear prefers another gentleman, although she has at times seemed to favor you, you should find out directly *which* she prefers by asking her. Anything is better than suspense to a lover.

**Simon** says that a young lady visited an artist's gallery, and seeing a picture of him, took it, and that neither the artist nor himself can obtain it from her. "What shall I do?" asks the despairing Simon. Offer her the *original* in exchange for the picture.

**S. L. M.**—The best way to cure yourself of the habit of blushing is, to *cease thinking about the effect you produce on people, who very likely are not noticing you at all.*

**Gymnast.**—We do not believe in using drugs to get rid of superfluous flesh. Severe exercise is a much safer remedy.

**Colonel.**—"If a young lady is visiting at the house of a mutual friend, and I receive an introduction to her, is it proper for me to invite the lady out to ride, without extending the invitation to the lady whom she is visiting?" Of course it is proper enough, if you choose to do so; but you must understand that it signifies on your part a very particular desire to be *alone* with the lady guest, and has a very strong matrimonial squint; therefore, if you have only feelings of friendship for her, we think you should also ask the other lady, or not give any invitation to either.

**J. U. O.**—"My employer has something against me, which he will not explain, but has told me to leave in a week. What do you think of such conduct? Is it fair?" We do not think it is. It is wrong for your employer to treat you in this way. He should tell you what the difficulty is, so as to give you a chance to explain, or else say nothing of what is in his mind. He has a right to dispense with your services, but not in such a way as he has adopted.

**Susan.**—It would, perhaps, be extravagant to say that coffee is always injurious to everybody. It is believed to be injurious to nervous, sedentary persons, and that much exercise should be taken by those who use it freely.

**A. K.**—If you have fallen in love with a young gentleman who will not speak to you at all, it strikes us that you owe it to your self-respect to fall *out* of love with him as speedily as possible.

**A Subscriber.**—The trick which you assure us was played upon a poor, unsuspecting girl was infamous; she should never again notice the man who could be so deceitful.

**The Ledger.**—We cannot answer all, or even one-fourth, of the questions we receive.

**Flushing.**—"Topiary" is a word that has gone out of use because the thing described by it is no longer known. Topiary work was the name given to shrubs and trees that were formed into the shapes of animals and other objects. The Romans, who were most extravagantly fond of ornamenting their gardens and grounds in this way, called the artist who did the work a *topiarius* from *topia*, a rope. Pliny, in describing his own villa, says that the lawn was decorated by numerous figures of animals cut in box, and was surrounded by a wall of evergreens formed into towers and many other shapes. Some of the fences of his farm, he says, were of box cut into letters, forming the name of himself and his *topiarius*. We have accounts of another Roman lawn which contained a representation of the seige of Troy, all formed from the box; and of another which had a group of evergreen statues, representing the Seven Wise Men of Greece. Soon after the revival of letters in Europe, this strange taste also revived, particularly in France. As late as two hundred years ago, there were gardens near Paris which displayed the seige of Troy, with its armies and generals, all in green and compact box. The Seven Wise Men were again set growing, as well as the Three Graces, the Labors of Hercules, the gods at a banquet, the Roman Senate, and the arms of the King of France. There were also pyramids, castles, towers, walls, elephants, and chargers. The fashion, we believe, is now extinct in every part of the world, and is succeeded by a universal taste for English landscape gardening.

**Martha.**—The lines respecting which you inquire occur in the following passage from Young's Night Thoughts:

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder he who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain.
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory, a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal, insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost."

**Julius.**—The solar year, as fixed by Julius Cæsar, was 365 days and 6 hours in length, which exceeds the true length by about eleven minutes. The excess had, up to the time of Pope Gregory XIII., amounted to ten days, and in 1582 the calendar was adjusted by him so as to correspond to the true time. The new calendar was not adopted in England until 1752, at which time the excess had amounted to eleven days, which was rectified by leaving out eleven days, and reckoning the third of September of that year as the fourteenth. Hence the terms old style and new style, one meaning the style according to the Julian calendar, and the other that according to the Gregorian calendar.

**I. M.**—We have seen it stated that the insect most dreaded in Mexico is a huge sort of spider, the body the size of a walnut, and the legs eight or nine inches in length. This animal is called vinagrillo, from the peculiar vinegar smell attached to it, and which luckily points out its whereabouts. A bite from this beast is said to be certain death. There is an amazing variety of other insects to be met with, all, no doubt, very curious to a naturalist. The "Matacaballo," so called from the belief that a horse dies from eating one of them, has the aspect of an animated blade of dry glass, with fibrous legs, and which may be seen to move, after a long inspection, among the mass of fodder spread before a horse.

**Honest Inquirer.**—What can a lover expect but a rival? Do you think girls are like cherries, ready to drop into your mouth as soon as you shake the tree a little? A girl that is worth having is generally admired by more than one fellow at a time. If you wish to know whether or not the young lady is engaged, there is a better way of proceeding than writing to the Ledger. Ask her. If she says No, then ask her another question. As to the proper form of words to use on this tremendous occasion, we could suggest several; but a person in your state of mind will be sure to forget all his fine speeches when the crisis arrives.

**G. Z. D.**—The septuagint translation of the Bible was made during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, B. C. 277. Josephus states that Ptolemy paid the Jews a sum equal to about five millions of dollars for a copy of the Testament, and the translators a sum equal to about two and a half a millions more for translating it. The seventy-two translators were divided into thirty-six pairs, and each pair made a separate translation; and, according to the account, the thirty-six copies, on comparison, did not vary by so much as a word or letter from each other.

**E. G. B.**—The Gordian knot was a knot made of the thongs that served as harness to the wagon of Gordius, a husbandman, who afterwards became King of Phrygia. The ends of the knot were not discoverable, but it was delcared that whoever untied it should become King of Persia. Alexander cut the knot until he discovered the ends, and then untied it. He became King over Persia, however, rather by his own valor and ability than by any decree of fate connected with the dissolution of the knot; and the whole story is as apt to be a fable as a reality.

**Albion.**—The motto of England, *Dieu et mon droit*, ("God and my right,") was the watchword given by Richard I. to his soldiers at the Battle of Sisors, in France, in 1198. The English gained a signal victory in this contest, and in commemoration of the event Richard made the sentence the motto of the royal arms of England, and it has ever since been retained.

**George.**—The "ten persecutions of the Christians" were, 1st, under Nero, A. D. 54; 2d, under Domitian, in 95; 3d, under Trajan, in 100; 4th, under Adrian, in 118; 5th, under Severus, in 197; 6th, under Maximinus, in 235; 7th, under Decius, in 249; 8th, under Valerian, in 257; 9th, under Aurelian, in 272; 10th, under Dioclesian, in 284.

**Uncle.**—The leaning tower of Pisa is about 200 feet high, and overhangs its base about fourteen feet. It is eight stories high, and is built of white finely polished marble. Its inclination is thought by some to be the result of design, but it is generally supposed to be caused by the settling of the base of the side to which it is inclined.

**Susan.**—We know that there are such things as India rubber or gutta percha door mats, but cannot vouch for their utility from personal knowledge.

**Carrie L.**—There is no impropriety in your inviting any young gentleman, to whom you have been properly introduced, to a little party of your young friends.

**Albert.**—The first commercial intercourse between England and the East Indies was a private enterprise, with three ships fitted out in 1591, under the command of a Captain Lancaster. It proved unfortunate, but the information which it brought back led to the formation of The East India Company, which obtained its first charter in the year 1600 from Queen Elizabeth. The first voyage was made with four ships, having on board £28,000 in bullion and 7000 pounds in merchandize. During the reign of Charles II. the Company was re-chartered, and the capital stock increased to 1,500,000 pounds. The Company, having the exclusive monopoly of the trade with the East Indies, became enormously wealthy, and by various means managed to subjugate the different tribes of natives, until their rule was almost absolute over a tract of country nearly as large as the whole of Europe with the exception of Russia. The impeachment and trial of Warren Hastings opened the eyes of the English government to the extent of the power enjoyed by this Company, and an act was passed in 1784, instituting a Board of Control to superintend and regulate the civil, military and revenue matters, and a Board of Directors to nominate the Governor-General and other chief public officers of the company. Its charter expired in 1833, when it was deprived of its exclusive right of trade, the commerce with India and China thrown open to all, and the Company ceded to the English government its possessions and privileges, in consideration of an annuity of 630,000 pounds. The political government of the country was continued in the Company till 1853, when it reverted to the Government. The East Indian possessions of England are about 2000 miles in length, 1800 in breadth, and embrace a population of 130,000,000 of people.

**M. S. G.**—Sheet glass is manufactured by blowing the glass first into the form of a spherical bulb, which is afterwards elongated by alternate heating, blowing and swinging, into a cylinder about three feet long, and eight inches diameter, with rounded ends, which, as the last process of blowing, are opened out, and the ends are cut smooth with a diamond traversed in an upright frame around the cylinder, which is then cut through on the one side longitudinally, with a diamond inserted near the extremity of a light rod, and drawn through the inside of the cylinder, under the guidance of a straight-edge. The cylinder is then placed with the cut upwards in a reverberatory furnace, and the heat causes the cylinder gradually to open as a sheet, which is gently flattened down on the bed of the furnace, with tools like blunt garden rakes, made of iron or wood. To improve the flatness, several sheets are afterwards laid upon each other in a second reverberatory furnace with a level bed; the heat of the furnace, and the weight of the superincumbent mass, causes the lower sheets of glass to become sufficiently flat for ordinary use, notwithstanding that there are many little irregularities in its surface, arising from the imperfect action of the flattening process. For the best purposes these irregularities are removed by grinding and polishing.

**L. D.**—We cannot say whether your theory of laughter is right or not; but it is confirmed by an ancient writer, who remarks that the five vowels form a diapason for the laugh in general. According to this singular observer, man laughs in A, woman in E, the devout woman in I, the countryman in O, and the old woman in U. We should, however, observe that the first vowel must be sounded like the Italian A, or like that letter in the word father, which is the sound given to this keystone of knowledge in almost all languages but our own. We leave it to the reader fond of a laugh to ascertain how far the assertion of the eccentric author is borne out in the manly "Ha, ha, ha!" and the feminine titter, so full of malice, "He, he, he!" The vowel I might also seem to express the more devout laugh, partaking rather of the languid "Heigho!" than the gay and hearty "Ha, ha, ha!" How well, too, the O sounds the merriment of the honest countryman, whose gaiety arises more from astonishment than from any lively perception of the ridiculous. Some village wit has been repeating for the hundredth time some wonderful tale, or performing some practical joke, and out bursts the boisterous "Ho, ho, ho!" Lastly, the poor old lady, forced to economise her breath, finds the fifth vowel more kind to her infirmities, and gives utterance to her feeble mirth in an asthmatic "Heu, heu, heu!"

**X. E. Y.**—Doomsday Book was compiled during the reign of William the Conqueror, and is a register of all the lands of England, (except Northumberland and Durham, which were not included in the survey on account of their wild, barren condition,) together with the proprietors, tenants, conditions of tenure, &c., at the time of the survey. The commissioners were six years in making the surveys and compiling the work, which they commenced in 1080 and finished in 1086. The book is still preserved in the Exchequer, and consists of two volumes, one a large one, and the other somewhat smaller than the first. The taxes were levied according to these surveys until 1522, when Henry VIII. ordered new and more accurate surveys to be made, which were called by the people the new Doomsday Book.

**Book-keeper.**—You are right in saying that a fundamental principle in book-keeping is, that whatever is received or purchased is debtor to whatever is paid out, given up, or exchanged for it. The book-keeper who does not know *that*, is ignorant of one of the first principles of his art; but it does not follow that a thorough familiarity with that, and with every other principle of the art, will render it impossible for a book-keeper to make an erroneous entry or any other mistake. In the case to which you refer, where goods bought were paid for in notes, the entry should have been:

Mdse. Dr. to Bills Payable;

and when the notes were paid the entry should have been:

Bills Payable Dr. to Cash.

**Mrs. M. K.**, Baltimore.—Yes, Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince of this city, did make Fanny Fern a present of a superb silk dress, as a voluntary expression of his admiration for one of her articles. So far, your informant's statement is perfectly correct; but the question of "price" is one on which she, as well as ourselves, is no doubt totally ignorant. We must say, however, that it never entered into our imagination to conceive that *any* silk dress *could* be worth seven hundred and fifty dollars. You ladies have much to answer for, if dresses of such a price are often worn.

**Physician.**—Vaccination was introduced into the United States in the year 1800 by a Dr. Waterhouse. Lady Mary Wortley Montague introduced inoculation into England from Turkey in 1721, having had her son inoculated with success at Adrianople in 1718. *Vaccine* inoculation, or vaccination, was introduced into England by Dr. Jenner in 1799, who was rewarded by Parliament with a present of 10,000 pounds sterling.

**H. T.**—If you have visited the young lady for the length of time you say you have, without declaring your love in words, she had a right to turn you the cold shoulder. If you love her, tell her so, and ask her plainly to be your wife. No dignified woman chooses to take such a thing for granted, no matter what attentions are paid her. She demands, and rightly, to receive an explicit avowal.

**Inquisitive.**—The Dictionary of the English language by Samuel Johnson was published in 1755; that of Noah Webster in 1828. The Chinese language has about 80,000 words, which are represented by the combinations of an alphabet of about 214 primitive letters or characters. The Russian language has 41 letters, and the Turkish 33.

**Whist.**—It is not settled beyond dispute to what nation the invention of cards should be attributed. Some claim the invention for the Romans, others for the Spaniards; but it is generally supposed that they were invented in France, about the year 1390, for the amusement of Charles VI. during the rational intervals of his lunacy.

**Francois.**—The title of Dauphin is given to the eldest sons of the kings of France, from the province of Dauphiné, which was ceded by its last Prince, Humbert II., to Philip of Valois, in 1343, on condition that the heirs of the French throne should adopt the arms and name of the province.

**M. T. D.**—The stoics were disciples of Zeno, the cynic philosopher, and obtained their name from listening to his instructions and harangues in a porch or portico at Athens, called in Greek *stoa*. They were noted for apathy, austerity and insensibility, and from them we derive the adjective stoical.

**Populus.**—Omnibusses probably originated in Paris. They were introduced into London by a coach proprietor named Shillibeer, and were first licensed in July, 1829. They were common in New York, Boston, and other large cities in 1830.

**Harry.**—When you and your friends met those young ladies, and they politely allowed you the honor of escorting them, if you felt, under the circumstances, like "their pet dogs," it only shows that you have not yet passed the puppy age.

**Hesiod.**—Saddles were not used until about the third century, and were first mentioned as being made of leather in 304. Side saddles were introduced into England in the year 1388, by Anne, wife of Richard II.

**Gipsy.**—If a young gentleman has told you that your correspondence with him had better end, it is not best for *you* to attempt any overtures toward him in the way of friendship. It is *his* place to explain and apologize.

**Chester.**—You should raise your hat with your right hand when bowing to a lady.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our nex.*